

# The Sketch

No. 1024.—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912.

SIXPENCE.

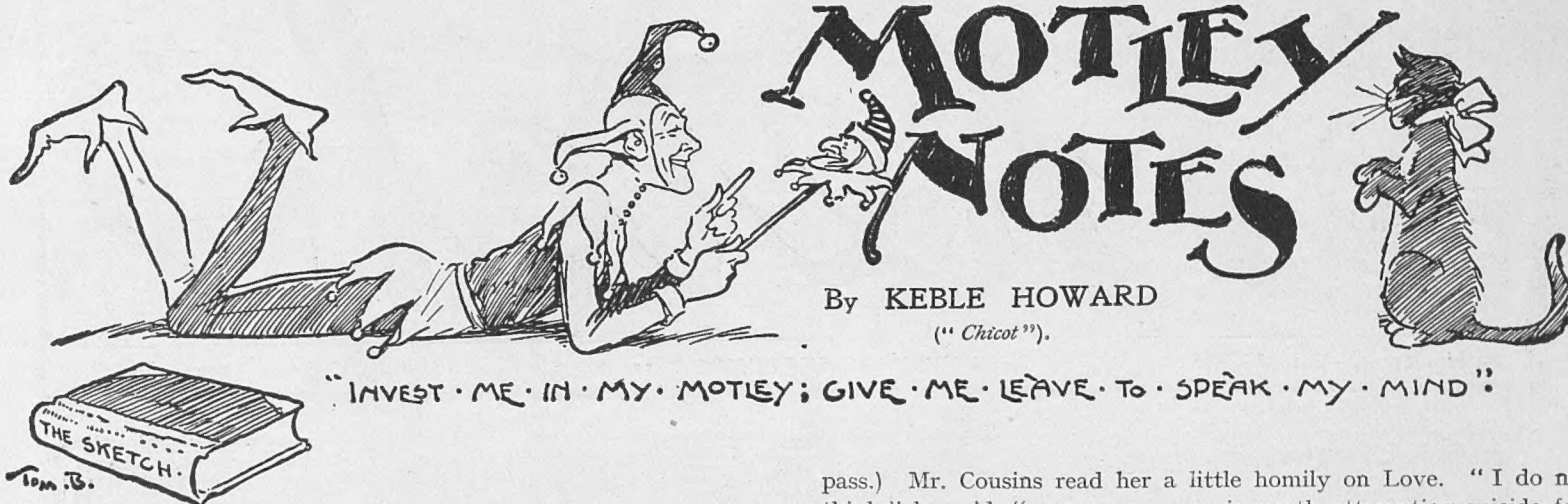


"THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE": SUZANNE, VIRTUE-PRIZE WINNER: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS IN "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI," AT THE LYRIC.

Suzanne, charmingly and very vivaciously played by Miss Arnaud, believes that, if you find you can't be good, you should be careful anyway, and so comes to win a prize for virtue, which it cannot be said is thus given to the most innocent of girls, for its recipient is by no means afraid of flirtation and visits to the notorious Jeunesse Dorée Restaurant. It is the head-waiter of that establishment who, noting her arrival as guest of the youthful Hubert, describes her as "The Child's Guide to Knowledge." Miss Arnaud made a very great success. Not very long ago, she was a solo pianist in Russia, the United States, and at the Queen's Hall.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*





### The Experts on Love.

Two gentlemen in influential positions have lately given their grave and weighty opinions on Love. The first is Sir James Crichton-Browne, President of the Conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association at Sheffield.

(Note, in passing, how tender thoughts may spring from the most unlikely surroundings. Sheffield is a splendid and a wonderful city, but you would scarcely select it as the ideal setting for a discussion on Love. The Sanitary Inspectors' Association is a body of gentlemen for whom I, in common with you, friend the reader, and the nation at large, have the most profound respect. But I cannot believe you if you tell me, even with tears of passionate protest in your eyes, that you would expect to hear a discussion on Love going forward if you strolled by chance into a meeting of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association. However, there it was.)

Sir James advised the Sanitary Inspectors not to interfere very much, just at present, with human mating. Before doing that, he urged them to get more precise information as to the "transmission of characters." Young people, therefore, have no immediate cause for alarm. So far as the Sanitary Inspectors' Association is concerned, they can go on making a hash of things for another year, at least. No definite step will be taken, I imagine, before this time next year. The spring of 1913 will be allowed to produce the usual crop of non-scientific marriages. Cupid is merely warned by the Sanitary Inspectors—not dismissed.

### A Daring Declaration.

As a matter of fact, Sir James Crichton-Browne has a fairly good opinion of Cupid. He speaks of him guardedly, of course, much as one speaks of a new hand at any job, but he certainly has hopes of the fellow.

"I am a believer," he said, "in the love-match, not only from the romantic, but also from the eugenic point of view." This simple statement must have shocked the Sanitary Inspectors. They like to have a theory clothed in scientific language; otherwise, you see, there would not be much difference between the Sanitary Inspectors' Association and the rest of us. Sir James was swift to retrieve his slight error. This is how he defended the love match—

"I think there must be a deep physiological significance in spontaneous and inexplicable attraction that instantly draws two persons of the same race into sympathetic union." The Sanitary Inspectors breathed again. Their President had saved their faces. They could walk out into the beautiful air of Sheffield, tranquil in the knowledge that they had submitted this little matter of Love to the searching rays of a number of highly trained scientific minds, and pretty well turned it inside out.

I congratulate them. I congratulate Sir James Crichton-Browne, who expounded this daring theory with a courage that shall not be forgotten. Most of all do I congratulate the young people who have ventured, in their fumbling, unscientific way, to select an unofficial mate.

### What the Magistrate Knew.

The other influential gentleman to whom I have alluded is Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, who holds the scales of justice in the Police Court at West Ham.

Mr. Cousins had before him a girl of seventeen, who was accused of attempted suicide. "I did it," she is reported to have said, "so that I could go back to him." (This is not quite clear, but let it

pass.) Mr. Cousins read her a little homily on Love. "I do not think," he said, "any young man is worth attempting suicide for. You are only a young girl, and have all sorts of possibilities of meeting a young fellow worth more. *There is not a great deal of pleasure to be got in the first love.*"

That is what Mr. Cousins is reported to have said—"There is not a great deal of pleasure to be got in the first love." Mind you, the magistrate did not put this forward as a personal opinion. He did not preface the remark with "My experience is," or, "I should imagine that." According to the very careful daily paper in which I read the report, he laid it down that there is not a great deal of pleasure to be got in the first love.

Here, coming from a magistrate, and a magistrate of Mr. Cousins' position, is a serious statement. It is our duty to examine a little more closely into it.

### Discoveries of First Love.

In the first place, is it true that there is not a great deal of pleasure to be got in the first love? If it is true, I must ask Mr. Cousins to explain the following well-known accompaniments of a first love-affair—

- (1) Discovery that the moon is very large and beautiful.
- (2) Discovery that flowers smell very sweet.
- (3) Discovery that the sun is very bright and warm.
- (4) Discovery that the stars are little worlds of wonder.
- (5) Discovery that every human being is capable of being loved.
- (6) Discovery that the rain does not wet or the cold chill
- (7) Discovery that there is no weariness in time or space.
- (8) Discovery that poetic expression is not confined to the professional poets.

(9) Discovery that actual food and drink are not necessary to human subsistence.

Mr. Cousins may retort—if magistrates ever go so far as to retort—that young men and women are better and more useful members of the community if they never make these discoveries. Well, he would have a right, also, to *this* opinion. But he must deliver it as an opinion, and not as a magisterial ruling. With all due respect to the law, I could never admit the truth of such a statement. I cling to the value of the Discoveries of First Love.

### Letter from a Real 'Phone Girl.

Some weeks ago, I wrote, on this page, an imaginary account of a meeting with a real telephone-girl. I think I called her Daisy, and pictured her buried deep in a novel from day's end to day's end. This flight of fancy has brought me the following interesting letter—

"Daisy, having a little time to spare from her novel-reading (being Sunday afternoon), studied your 'Motley Notes' in last Wednesday's edition of *The Sketch*, and was highly amused and a little indignant with your somewhat distorted account of a real living 'phone girl.

"She is afraid, however, that you, like a good many other mere males who write on the subject, are sadly lacking in real knowledge of facts, and feels sure that if you could spare a little time from writing sarcasm about her, and pay a visit to an Exchange, you would emerge a sadder and wiser man, and that, instead of wondering why she is sometimes a little slow in answering, you would marvel at the manner in which subscribers are answered and, more often than not, even connected."

"Daisy" concludes by throwing all the blame for the present trouble on the Government. Oh, Daisy!



## WELCOME TO ERIN: A FRENCH BRIDE AND AN IRISH BRIDEGROOM.

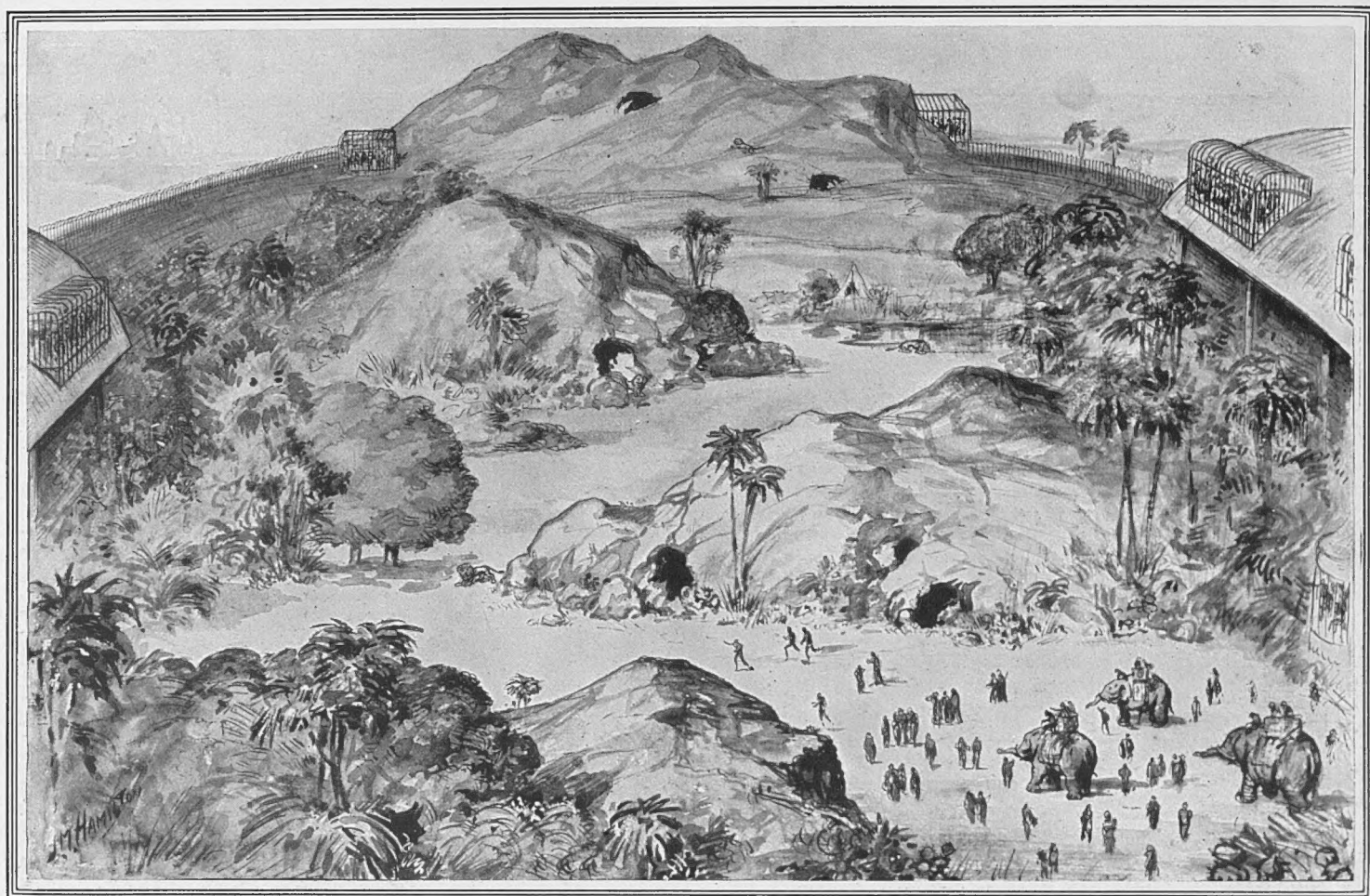


## AN ENTENTE CORDIALE DEVELOPED INTO AN ALLIANCE: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON.

The marriage of Viscount Duncannon, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Bessborough, and Mlle. Roberte de Neuffize, only daughter of the Baron and Baroness de Neuffize, of Paris, took place in that city on June 25, at the Temple de l'Etoile, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Viscount Duncannon, who is seen in the photograph dressed in an Irish kilt, was born in 1880, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1903 he was called to the Bar, and at one time was a Lieutenant in the Bucks Imperial Yeomanry. In 1906 he was Liberal Unionist candidate for Carmarthen District. From January to November 1910 he sat as M.P. for Cheltenham, but was defeated there in the December election of that year.—[Photograph by Poole.]

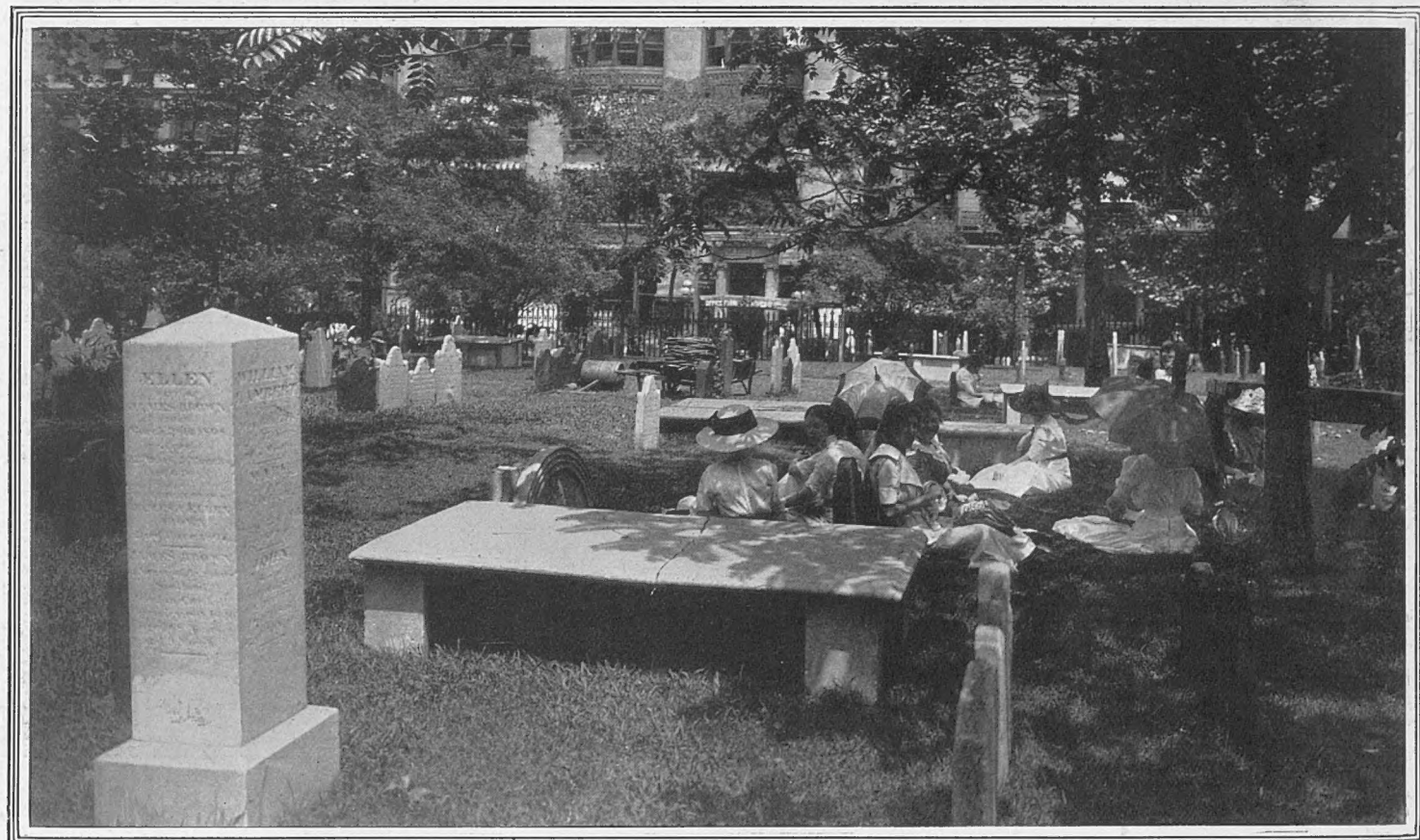


## CAPITAL FUN: LONDON LIONS AND NEW YORK LUNCHESES.



BIG-GAME HUNTING IN THE BUSH CALLED SHEPHERD'S: LION-CAPTURING AT THE WHITE CITY  
BY HUNDRED-GUINEA SPORTSMEN—THE AUDIENCE IN CAGES.

As we said the other day, the proposed hunting of lions in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush would not be in the least dangerous for the king of beasts. On the other hand, the sportsman would run the risks. Endeavour would be made to capture the lions, not to shoot them. The idea is that the Stadium shall be transformed into a big-game country, and that those engaged in the hunting shall be members of a club specially formed, and shall pay one hundred guineas each as fee. Further, each member will be entitled to invite five persons to witness the sport at a fee of five guineas each; for them cages will be set apart in the enclosure. Shooting would only be resorted to in the case of great personal danger. The illustration shows the Stadium as it will be if the scheme is carried out.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



IN SURROUNDINGS EVEN LESS CHEERFUL THAN THOSE OF AN OFFICE: WOMEN SHORTHAND-WRITERS AND TYPISTS  
IN THEIR FAVOURITE LUNCHEON-GROUND: ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, FULTON STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

It is evident that the women stenographers of a part of New York, at least, are not troubled by churchyard fright—at all events in the daytime. For luncheon, they find the surroundings of the graves too pleasant to be ignored.—[Photograph by Byron.]



## LOOKING FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS! AN IMPORTANT HON. SEC.



APPROPRIATELY, WITH CRACKER-LIKE MUFF: LADY CONSTANCE HATCH, SECRETARY  
OF THE PANTOMIME BALL, AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Lady Constance Hatch, Secretary of the Christmas Pantomime Ball which is being organised for Dec. 4 at the Albert Hall, is the youngest of the Duke of Leeds' four sisters, and is seven-and-thirty. She married Sir Ernest Frederic Hatch, the first Baronet, twelve years ago, and has one child, a daughter, who is now eleven. Her husband, who received his title in 1908, is senior partner and founder of the firm of Hatch, Mansfield, and Co., wine merchants, of Pall Mall, a director of the Fine Arts Insurance Company, and on the panel of Chairmen of the Arbitration Court; while he has acted also as Chairman of various Home Office Departmental Committees. As an M.P. he was first a Conservative; later a Liberal. He has travelled a good deal.—*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



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**THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.**

**M**R. HAROLD CHAPIN'S comedy, "Art and Opportunity,"  
 at the Prince of Wales's, is a real triumph for a new and  
 hitherto almost unknown dramatist. Many people have  
 provided Miss Marie Tempest with parts that fit her well: few  
 succeed in combining with this virtue the production of a brilliantly  
 amusing and original play. Rightly may the event be compared  
 with the first arrival of Mr. Hubert Henry Davies; and the fortunate  
 audience hailed what was, in its way, a little masterpiece of  
 ingenuity and humour. All that happens is that Miss Tempest comes  
 to justify her engagement to the most youthful member of a noble  
 family; half-way through the evening she has shot higher and  
 hit an Earl, and at the end she contents herself with the secretary  
 of a Duke. How delightfully these things may be done those who  
 know Miss Tempest can imagine; but a visit must be made to the  
 theatre to learn with what remarkable originality and fascinating  
 wit and liveliness of invention Mr. Chapin makes her do it. And  
 if we single out Mr. C. V. France, who plays the Earl, that is merely  
 because he comes first in a company whose acting is worthy of the  
 play.

After the Viennese operas with which we have become familiar,  
 "The Girl in the Taxi," at the Lyric, adapted by Messrs. Frederick  
 Fenn and Arthur Wimperis from the German of Herr Okonkowski,  
 seems a rather regrettable relapse to the style of the old French  
 farce which revels in the doings of husbands and wives who, unknown  
 to each other, spend hilarious evenings in Paris restaurants. But  
 the virtues of a scene in a Paris restaurant for musical-comedy pur-  
 poses are too well known to require further praise. Mr. Arthur  
 Playfair, Mr. C. H. Workman, and Mr. Frederick Volpé keep their  
 audiences in the merriest of moods; Mr. Jean Gilbert's music is  
 bright and tuneful, and Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Miss Margaret  
 Paton are two charming young ladies who quickly sing their way  
 into favour. In short, "The Girl in the Taxi" promises to be a  
 great success.

"Little Miss Llewelyn," at the Vaudeville Theatre, will quickly  
 establish herself as a popular favourite. Not many people will  
 have seen "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," the Belgian original,  
 so there will not be any making of comparisons. If there were,  
 there would be, perhaps, a little disappointment, for the Belgian  
 work is a perfect play and was most perfectly acted; but the  
 adaptation is so bright and humorous, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan  
 makes such a fascinating little Welsh girl, that it would be hard to  
 please the man or woman who is not satisfied. There is Welsh  
 accent of varying degrees of excellence all over the piece; there is  
 a broadly farcical and highly comic picture of the jealousies which  
 afflict local licensed victuallers; there is some pretty sentiment,  
 not too much overdone; there is some excellent acting by Mr.  
 Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Ronald Squire, Mr. R. A. Hopkins, and Miss  
 Hannah Jones; and, above all, there is Miss Trevelyan, who  
 manages everybody in the sweet and gracious way which is  
 particularly associated with the name of Bunty.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Globe, is probably  
 intended mainly for the benefit of those who have read the popular  
 book of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. They will enjoy seeing their  
 heroine doing her famous heroinesque things: arriving at an early  
 age at the home of her maiden aunts, telling fairy-stories to the  
 children, being packed off to bed, selling soap in the cause of charity,  
 leading bad men into the straight path by the guiding hand of  
 childish innocence; and the little lady is brightly played by Miss  
 Edith Taliaferro, who is a clever actress with a long experience  
 in the part. Many, too, will be delighted with this simple and  
 unsophisticated picture of life in the State of Maine thirty years  
 ago; but a large number may feel that once again American humour  
 and American sentiment have failed to touch the right chord.

With "A Scrape o' the Pen," at the Comedy, Mr. Graham  
 Moffat has hardly given us another "Bunty." The pictures of  
 Scotch life which it shows seem drawn with a cruder touch. He  
 attempts to give us the rejoicings of a crowd welcoming the New  
 Year, and boisterously escorting a newly married pair to their  
 home; and it is never easy to deal thus with jollity in bulk. Many  
 of his characters are amusing, and the ways of Scotch rustics in 1874  
 (when "bustles" were worn) are quaintly interesting; but it is  
 with intimate little studies of individuals that Mr. Moffat scores his  
 big success. He and Mrs. Moffat play an old couple as charming  
 and as humorous and as real as any old couple that the stage has  
 seen: a perfectly delightful old pair, with their half-comic, half-  
 serious bickerings, their sharp tongues, and their tender sentiment.  
 To hear the old man reading the names out of a peculiarly dry  
 chapter of the Book of Chronicles is a sheer joy; even "Bunty"  
 contains no scene so perfect in its humour and so genuinely Scotch.

This is the time of year when many parents are on the look-out  
 for suitable schools for their sons and daughters. They would do  
 well to consult that well-known book of reference, "Paton's List of  
 Schools and Tutors" (published by J. and J. Paton, 143, Cannon  
 Street, E.C.), a new edition of which, for 1912-13, has recently  
 appeared.





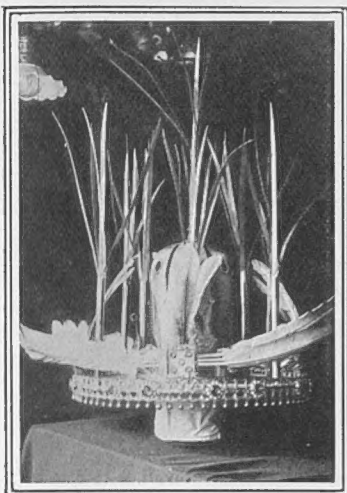
# THE CLUBMAN

WHEN AIRMAN MEETS AIRMAN: OPPOSING AEROPLANES IN MANOEUVRES.

## Aeroplanes in War.

Mr. Cody, our British hero of the air, is a practical man, and I think quite hits the right nail on the head when he says that he does not believe that aircraft are going to revolutionise warfare, but that we shall go on in war fighting man against man, ship against ship, and aeroplane against aeroplane.

As the Turks in Tripoli have found out, it is a handicap in a war for one army to possess aeroplanes while their opponents have none. But though the Italians have had it all their own way in the air in their campaign in North Africa, their flying men do not seem to have done any very great damage in the Turkish lines, nor do they seem to have frightened the Turks or the Arabs. The bursting of bombs thrown from an aeroplane caused the hurried evacuation of some buildings in a post held by the Turks, but I do not recall reading of any wholesale slaughter brought about by Italian explosives falling from the skies.



MORE REGAL THAN A BATTERED TOPPER: A REMARKABLE CORONATION CROWN FOR AN AFRICAN POTENTATE.

This curious crown was made by a Liverpool firm—Messrs. J. Bukinshaw and Sons—for the coronation of a South-West African king. It weighs over 18 lb. Unfortunately, the photograph arrived too late to illustrate our article last week on "Fashions of the Wild," in which it was said that "a battered topper, discarded to-day by a London coachman, may . . . grace the head of an African potentate."

at present. They will, I imagine, manoeuvre for position, and try to shoot away each other's wings. A fight between air-ships will somewhat resemble a fight between frigates in the fine old sailing days. No doubt until troops become used to them the airships of the enemy overhead will have an unnerving effect, but high explosives will be a dangerous cargo for an airship to carry, and with airmen shooting from above and troops shooting at him from below, an airman trying to drop a bomb on to a general and his staff will have a very agitated time. The wind also interferes very much with the aim of an airman a thousand feet up in the air, for the projectile he drops may be blown several hundred yards away from its perpendicular course by sudden gusts of wind, or by an air-stream for which the airman has made no allowance.

## When Airman Meets Airman.

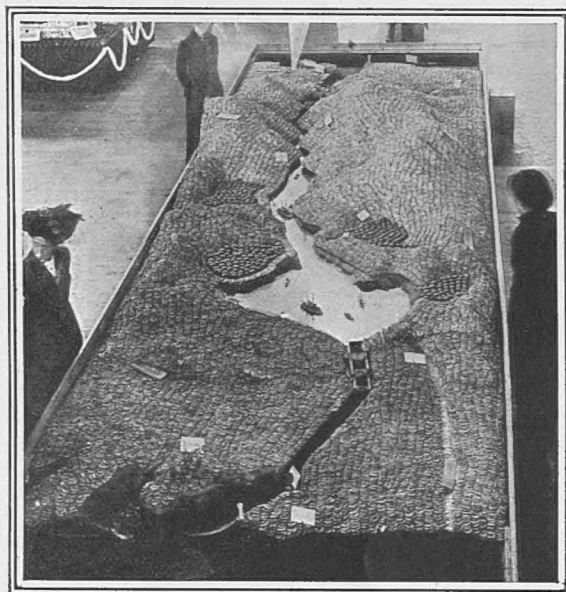
When airman meets airman in the limitless field of battle, and the two air fleets are fairly matched, the flying men will have little time and little opportunity to drop bombs. What weapons the airmen will use against each other's craft we shall not know until aeroplanes come nearer to their final model than they are

## At the Great Manoeuvres.

After the manoeuvres which are being held this month all over Europe, the various War Offices of the Great Powers may know more concerning the fighting qualities of aircraft than they do now, as for the first time opposing fleets are to meet in the air. At the Kaiser manoeuvres in Saxony, a hundred-and-fifty military airships of all kinds are to be employed, each of the opposing armies having its quota; and in France a hundred-and-thirty aeroplanes, divided into squadrons of six ships, will fly in the mimic warfare in the valley of the Loire. At the British manoeuvres there will be only twenty-four aeroplanes and one airship. Switzerland, where the manoeuvres are just concluded, does not, I fancy, possess any military aeroplanes—the only aircraft I have seen being the big dirigible at Lucerne; but that, I think, is German-owned.

## The Kaiser in Switzerland.

It was not very tactful of the German papers to allude to the Swiss operations as the "Kaiser manoeuvres," for there had been great differences of opinion amongst the democratic Swissers as to whether staunch democrats should bow down before any Emperor. In Germany it is believed that the Kaiser, and the five distinguished German officers who were detailed to follow the Swiss manoeuvres, went there in order to see for themselves how the men trained under the unonerous Swiss system worked, with a view to lightening the burden of conscription in Germany and reducing the period with the colours, if what they saw satisfied them. The Australian and South African representatives, no doubt, wished to see how the Swiss system compares with the systems tentatively adopted by two of our great Dominions, and General Bethune, the newly appointed Commander of our Territorials, must have looked and longed that Great Britain would face the problem of a citizen army with the thoroughness of the Swiss.



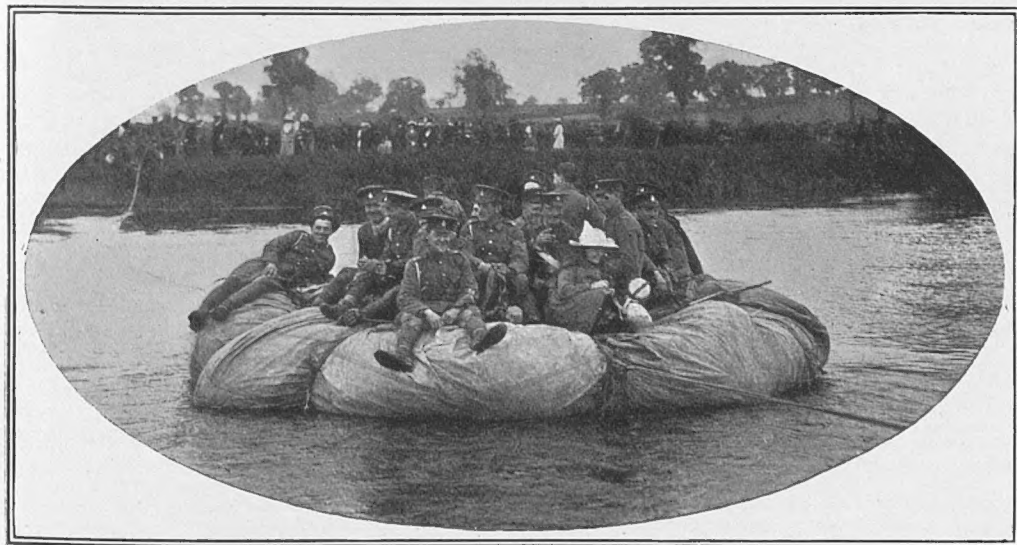
THE APPLE OF AMERICA'S EYE: A MODEL OF THE PANAMA CANAL MADE OF THE FRUIT OF CONTENTION.

The model, which is made of apples—dried and otherwise—represents what is at present an "apple of contention" between Great Britain and the United States—the Panama Canal. It was made by the pupils of a high school in California, for an apple-show.

Photograph by C.N.

## A Story of the "Terrible Year."

It is curious that the Kaiser at Zurich should have occupied a villa sold in disgust by a rich German at the time of the Franco-German War. When the army of the wounded Bourbaki was forced by German pressure over the Swiss frontier—a military operation of which there is an admirable pictorial record in the great Panorama at Lucerne—the Germans at Zurich, to celebrate the event, proposed to hold a Festival of Victory in the Town Hall. There was a riot, in which the disarmed French soldiers and Swiss sympathisers took part, and Swiss troops were called out. Herr Wiesendonk, disgusted that the festival he had organised could not be held, left Zurich and sold his beautiful villa, a villa which the Kaiser last week occupied.



ON A TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND IN THE THAMES: MEN OF THE 2ND CAVALRY BRIGADE CROSSING THE RIVER DURING MANOEUVRES.

The passage of the Thames at Sonning by the 2nd Cavalry Brigade during the Army manoeuvres aroused much local interest. It had been intended to swim the river, but the current was too strong, and other methods were adopted. Some of the troops crossed by the bridge, others were towed over on improvised rafts.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]





ARCHITECTURAL unrest, if no other, is disturbing the royal residences. Buckingham Palace has cradles swung across its grimy sides, and must inevitably fall into the hands of the decorators, if not, in parts, into those of the house-breaker. The King's wishes are far from standing in the way of radical improvements, and Queen Mary dislikes its sooty façade, it is said, no less than did Queen Alexandra, who would have lived at Hampton Court if it had been possible to restore that most charming of English palaces to its original uses. Marlborough House, the destruction of which was once, during a typhoid scare, seriously advocated, is not yet arranged entirely to royal satisfaction; and of Abergeldie, the lease of which costs the King some five thousand a year, it is again said that his Majesty has his doubts of long continuing his tenancy. Such subjects, however, are fruitful in rash rumour, as the suggestion that Osborne was to be reclaimed by the King sufficiently proves.



VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE COAST OF YORKSHIRE: THE EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH.

Lord Londesborough, who was born in December 1864, and succeeded to the title twelve years ago, is Vice-Admiral of the Coast of Yorkshire, and Hon. Colonel of the 5th (Cyclist) Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment. In 1887 he married Lady Grace Augusta Fane, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Westmorland.

Photograph by Sarony.

#### Beds at Balmoral.

Much is said of the rigorous and systematic simplicity observed within the palace at Christiania, but for all that, it is doubtful if Queen Alexandra could name a régime or residence more entirely to her taste. The King and Queen of Norway eschew all display, but their palace is pretty and roomy. Roominess, strange to say, is not always a palatial attribute. Queen Alexandra has herself experienced the limitations of such places, and at Balmoral, before Edward VII. took it in hand, she really knew the pinch of space. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in days when Ministers-in-Attendance were allowed no secretaries, nor valets, and not too much baggage, used to be humorously frank about the dimensions of the room in which he was required to fit his burly frame. "I grudge such large beds to the tulips," was his plaint.

*Helba.* The sale of the Emperor's lodging at Elba is said to be the latest transaction in Napoleonic relics, and one of the biggest. It is not necessary, of course, to go so far afield for mementos, England being well supplied with swords and spurs, and such-like, said to have been used by Bonaparte. Lord Rosebery is not without possessions of this kind, and has seen others. It was at a City dinner that a civic magnate produced a snuff-box to show to the Napoleonic expert, with "This was given to my father by Napoleon; there's a hen on the top of it." "Not a hen, surely, but the Imperial eagle," said the other, holding out

his hand. "No, no," said the owner, handing it over, and pointing to the initial on the lid, "there's no doubt it's a hen."

#### Major-General and Maiden General.

Miss Mary O'Hagan, who marries Major-General Munro in Westminster Abbey on Oct. 1, has for brother a young Peer bristling with convictions and activities. He resigned his Ministerial office of Lord-in-Waiting because he could not agree with the Liberal policy concerning the House of Lords; he has built picture-galleries and model cottages (about the best of

their kind), and he has married—a thing which his brother, the last Peer, killed in South Africa at the age of twenty-two, had not time to do. Miss O'Hagan, who tried her 'prentice hand at house-keeping for Lord O'Hagan before his marriage last year, shares his predilection for doing things with a map—learnt, perhaps, from the Lady O'Hagan of the Women's Aerial League.

#### The Return of the Natives.

The return of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington to "No. 1, London" coincided with the advent of a host of visitors to town. The tables at the Ritz, the Savoy, the Carlton, and other places of the kind have been far from empty. The Duke of Montpensier, Prince Thurm of Taxis, Prince Lucinge, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Lugard have been among the illustrious strangers who have sampled the empty season; but foreigners did not alone account for the bustle that was to be observed in the centre of the deserted town. Lord and Lady Dudley, Lord Cork, Lord Victor Paget, and Sir John Milbanke were lately dining at the Carlton, and a considerable bevy of confirmed Londoners crept back to town before the appointed time.

#### Cunarders in the Canals.

Some people refuse to be exhilarated by Scottish mists or amused by Highland meetings. Lady Helen Vincent has gone to Venice, a place that welcomes her as one of its chief, but less stationary, beauties. In Venice, too, Lady Cunard is entertaining, which means that every now and then the Piazza San

Marco and the Lido are made aware of a large party of gay and picturesque people who do something to upset the accepted Continental notion of the Briton abroad. They do their Tintoretto and Titian and their splashing in the Adriatic with equal heartiness. The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners are the latest of Lady Cunard's guests to arrive.



DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT COBHAM: THE HON. RACHEL LYTTELTON.

Miss Lyttelton is the youngest daughter of Viscount Cobham, and was born in 1891. Her sisters are the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Archibald Wyndham and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Charles Guest. —[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



MISS G. C. POWER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO DR. VIVIAN BERNARD ORR WAS FIXED FOR SEPT. 7.

Dr. Orr, of Lowndes Street, Belgrave Square, is anaesthetist to the Westminster Hospital and to the National Dental Hospital. His publications include "Heart Massage in Heart Failure During Anaesthesia." He is M.B., B.S. (Melbourne) and M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (London). —[Photograph by Lane fter.]



DAUGHTER OF MRS. FLETCHER OF SALTOUN: MISS JEAN FLETCHER.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

to show to the Napoleonic expert, with "This was given to my father by Napoleon; there's a hen on the top of it." "Not a hen, surely, but the Imperial eagle," said the other, holding out



A DAUGHTER OF SIR FREDERICK GEORGE MILNER, Bt.: LADY LINLITHGOW.

Before her marriage, which took place last year, the Marchioness was known as Miss Doreen Maud Milner, daughter of Sir Frederick George Milner, seventh Baronet. Her husband is a member of the Linlithgowshire Territorial Force Association, and holds a commission in the Lothians and Border Horse Yeomanry. She was born in 1886. —[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



DAUGHTER OF MRS. FLETCHER OF SALTOUN: MISS JOSEPHINE FLETCHER.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO —



PROFESSOR LEONARD HILL —  
FOR DISCOVERING THE  
SAD CASE OF OUR "CAGED"  
DAUGHTERS.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE —  
FOR BOLSTERING UP CUPID'S RE-  
PUTATION BY ADVOCATING LOVE  
AT FIRST SIGHT EUGENICALLY.

*Photograph by Whitlock.*



MR. HERBERT PARRY WILLIAMS —  
FOR NOT ENTITLING HIS BARDIC  
POEM "GEORGE THE WELSHMAN"  
BUT "GERALD THE WELSHMAN."

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

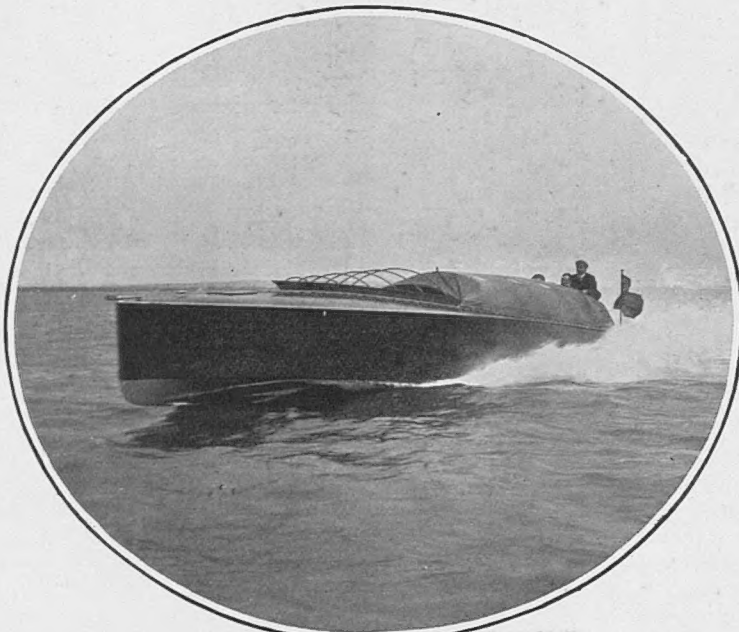


MAJOR C. H. LEVESON —  
FOR HAVING SUPPRESSED  
THE ANUAKS AND FOR  
RECEIVING THE D.S.O.

*Photograph by Mayall.*



MISS GLADYS DAVIS — FOR  
BEING UNDER 17, AND TRYING  
TO SAVE A DROWNING MAN.



"MAPLE LEAF IV." — FOR BEING BRITISH AND WINNING THE  
HARMSWORTH CUP IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACES AT LONG ISLAND.

*Photograph by Kirk and Son.*



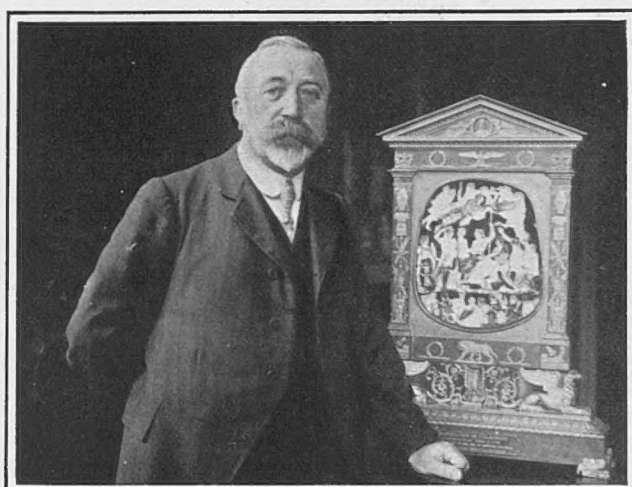
MISS WHITEHOUSE — FOR NOT  
BEING GIDDY AND CLIMBING  
A 250-FOOT CHIMNEY.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



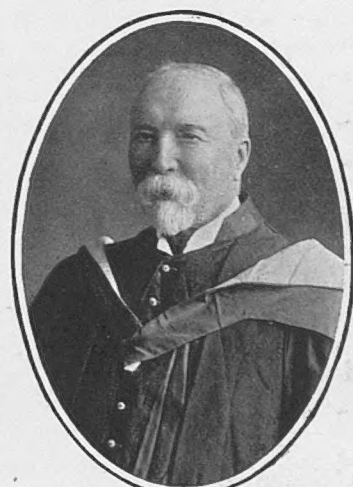
PROFESSOR SCHÄFER — FOR RE-  
MINDING US OF OUR DESCENT  
FROM COLLOIDAL SLIME.

*Photograph by Russell and Son.*



M. BERBELON — FOR FINDING THE CASE AND PEDESTAL, LOST  
FOR A CENTURY, OF THE GREAT CAMEO OF FRANCE.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



MR. J. K. CAIRD — FOR BEING  
ABLE TO PRESENT £10,000 TO  
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

Mr. J. K. Caird, a jute-manufacturer, of Dundee, presented the President of the British Association with a cheque for £10,000. In the last twelve years he has given about £100,000 for local charities and institutions. — M. Berbelon, of the Institute of France, Curator of the Cabinet of Medals, has just found the case and pedestal, lost for nearly a century, of the wonderful carved agate called the Great Cameo of France, beside which he is seen in the photograph. It represents the deification of Germanicus, and once belonged to the Roman Caesars. Later, it was given to St. Louis of France. At the Revolution it was stolen, but was recovered by Napoleon's police. — Professor Schäfer, in his presidential address to the British Association, said that chemical science may some day be able to produce in the laboratory that "colloidal slime" from which all life has been evolved. — Miss Gladys Davis, daughter of Dr. Davis, of Liverpool, is the first lady to receive the Liverpool and District Swimming Association's award of merit, for a gallant attempt to save a man from drowning at Port Skillion, Isle of Man. — England won the Harmsworth Cup on Sept. 4 in the International Motor-Boat Races at Long Island, the challenger "Maple Leaf IV." defeating "Baby Reliance." — Miss Whitehouse, a Northampton schoolmistress, climbed the 250-foot high chimney of the Vigo Brick Works in that town. — In his presidential address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association at Sheffield, Sir James Crichton-Browne said he was "a believer in the love-match not only from the romantic, but from the eugenic point of view." — Professor Leonard Hill, of the London Hospital, spoke, in his address to the Physiological Section of the British Association, of "the caged daughters of the well-to-do." — Major C. H. Leveson, of the 18th (Queen Mary's Own) Hussars, has received the D.S.O. for his operations against the Anuak tribe in the Eastern Sudan. — The crowned bard at the Welsh Eisteddfod this year was Mr. Herbert Parry Williams, for his poem "Gerald the Welshman."





# CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WHO killed Cock Robin? Mr. Edward B. Wimbush says that the Cock Robin only lives one year, because he is murdered by his offspring directly the latter get their red breasts. This shows that the sparrow is a much-maligned archer, and that he may take his place in the whitewash-pail with Nero.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, according to a morning paper, has not his father's voice, and he has not his father's record. It may be only the way of putting it, but this sounds as if the new "General" were going to be merely a gramophone.

## MY DOG'S CLUB.

(A dogs' club is to be opened in the West End, where dogs can be amused and fed while their owners go shopping.)



Our dog's a sort of what-you-please,  
A kind of in-betweenier,  
With something of the Pekinese,  
The Pom and Aberdeener.  
But now he's got to have his club,  
And ask his friends to dinner,  
And have his bath and brush and rub,  
The ugly little sinner.

He prowls about the stately rooms  
With lordly independence,  
And treats attendant maids and  
grooms  
With canine condescendence.  
I'm taxed as owner of the cur,  
A futile supposition:  
My wife owns me, our dog owns her,  
And that's our true condition!

Dr. Sable says that there are more flat-footed men in Pittsburg, U.S.A., than in any other American city. Chicago has long been celebrated for the size of its girls' trotters, so we are reduced to the conclusion that in the Central United States they express their cities in terms of feet.

"My only sin is to smoke a pipe," said a Tottenham man. Here's another New Sin.

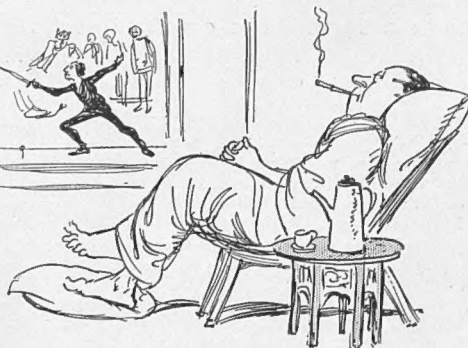
But as a matter of scientific fact the pipe is the sinner. It hypnotises the smoker and makes him sleepy, because he constantly stares at the bowl. Who can tell that the most awful crimes have not been committed under hypnotic suggestion from some diabolical pipe?



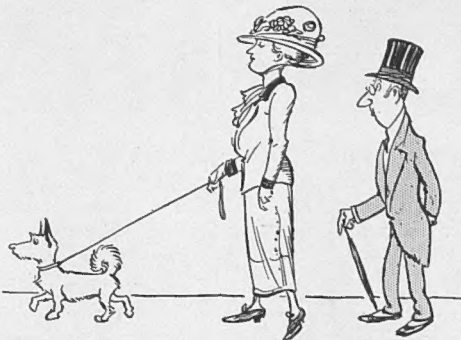
The *Vidi*, a steamer recently launched in New Jersey, has a glass bottom through which passengers can see one hundred feet into the depths of the ocean. It will cause a rare thrill when one of them sees a Suffragette mermaid swimming up with a hammer in her hand.

Mr. Gordon Craig thinks that the ideal time for enjoying a play is when you are just finishing a Turkish bath, and for this reason he would like to have theatres in baths. Also, in the ideal theatre there would be no room for anything but Shakespeare in the bill. Of course, in such surroundings only Dr. Thomas Bowdler's edition of Shakespeare would be played.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is taking to golf. He ought to supply some new and soothing remarks for the man who is hopelessly bunkered, or has smashed one of his clubs.



The Corporation of London have lost nearly twenty thousand pounds by a sale of depreciated Consols. But they are not down-hearted. They know that, on the best authority, the fall in Consols is another proof of British prosperity.



This is not the silly season, and there are no giant gooseberries. But, on the other hand, there are a couple of giant turnips in a Kingston shop. This proves exactly how far we have progressed on the road to wisdom.

The Brazilian Bell-Bird at the "Zoo" will start singing in a few weeks' time. When in full song he chortles from dawn to sunset; his notes resemble the blacksmith's hammer striking the anvil, and in his native woods his voice can be heard for three miles. Unless there are some

good old pea-soup fogs this autumn, the inhabitants of Regent's Park are in for a real lively time.

There is no pleasing those blessed cows. Last year we were told that milk was dear because there was no rain, and this year the price of milk is to go up because there is too much. Where are our chemists?

The Chilian Government is inviting British tenders for a battle-practice target over one hundred feet in length. Real sportiboy, these Chilians. They mean to have something they can hit.



In Sweden they have a superstition that if a bride loves cats she will have a sunny wedding-day. In this matter-of-fact country we have a certainty that if a bride is a cat the bridegroom will have a stormy life.

## A SEASONABLE HOLIDAY.

(Most seaside resorts being drenched with rain and swept with wind, people are giving up the hope of a holiday in despair and returning, cross and soaked, to their homes.)

I've just returned from spending in a novel kind of way the weeks I call by courtesy my "summer" holiday. I had interviewed a doctor of celebrity, and he informed me very gravely I must spend them by the sea: For he solemnly assured me that my system wanted tone, A want which would be remedied by breathing the ozone Which blew across the mud-flats to some houses he had bought In a place I'd never heard of, but a rising health resort.

Twas the balmy month of August when my holiday began, And the rain came down in buckets, but I'd hit upon a plan To obey the doctor's orders, keeping warm and keeping dry, But no macintosh I purchased, no umbrella did I buy; My legs were bare of leggings, and I reckoned it was bosh To encase my patent leathers in the elderly golosh; For I promenaded daily, which was crafty, you'll agree, In a diver's suit and helmet at the bottom of the sea!





## YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY — OR OURS? A COUSIN.



1. "LADY SASSA, M.D.": THE CHIMPANZEE USING A STETHOSCOPE.
2. CARRYING A PUPPY ALOFT: "LADY SASSA" TREE-CLIMBING WITH A FRIEND, IN SIERRA LEONE.
3. DOMESTIC: "LADY SASSA" CARRYING HER COOKING-POT.

4. MILITARY: "LADY SASSA" BEATING HER DRUM.
5. LANDING ON HER FEET ONLY: "LADY SASSA" JUMPS OVER A STICK.
6. FIVE O'CLOCK: "LADY SASSA" TEA-MAKING.

Our correspondent who sends the above photographs of this very accomplished chimpanzee, from the West Coast of Africa, writes: "Her name is Lady Sassa, M.D. She is [of] the cleverest of the four species of apes, and the most lady-like. She has had the degree of M.D. conferred upon her by her master on account of qualifying in medicine. In the [first] photograph she is seen listening to the heart with an expression of interest in her face, and she replaces the stethoscope in the bag without any aid." Among other accomplishments, it is mentioned that she can scrub and sweep a floor; blow a whistle; play the drum, marching up and down; jump and dance; pour out tea, put in the milk and drink it, holding the cup by the handle; use a knife and fork, and a spoon; tie a knot; thread a needle; open a match-box, take out a match and light it, light a candle, and then blow the match out. Altogether, a highly civilised ape, whose ancestors, perhaps, were not very distantly related to Adam.





### THE CONQUEROR OF THE ARMADA AS HERO: SPECTACULAR PATRIOTISM AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

#### Drake's Advance Drum.

When considering the amount of fuss made about the production of "Drake," I wonder with a kind of amused curiosity what will happen when Sir Herbert presents a really important new drama: for the anticipatory articles concerning "Drake" would not have been out of proportion if it had been a masterpiece of drama instead of a *mélodrame malgré lui*. Sir Herbert, in his speech, told us that his thankfulness as manager for its apparent success was secondary to the thought that its triumph would do something to stir up the sense of patriotism in this country, and, so far as this indicates that the intention of the drama is finer than its execution, I humbly agree. Mr. L. N. Parker, in a fit of enthusiasm, endeavours to teach us a valuable lesson as to the way in which our ancestors won the freedom of the seas for the world and the mastery of the waters for England, and it is curious to find that enthusiasm in the case of such an experienced and skilful dramatist shows so little fruit in the way of inspiration. Perhaps the fruit will consist of that expected stirring-up of the public spirit, the evidence of which was manifest on the first night by a shout in the audience of "Big Navy"—a shout which showed that its utterer did not grasp the fact that the Spanish Armada was much bigger and better found than the English fleet.

**A Pageant Play.** Although Sir Herbert spoke of the "sweeping action" of "Drake," in reality one is forced to regard the piece as a pageant with a purpose, rather than as a play. It is almost always thus with the biographical drama. In the life-history of Francis Drake there were many dramatic incidents, but the general tenor was not dramatic. He was an interesting, picturesque man, with a

strain of swagger which would have caused him to be much more like an Adelphi hero than the figure at His Majesty's. For Mr. Lyn Harding exercises a restraint worthy of a better cause. However, he played admirably throughout, and particularly in one really dramatic part of the piece—the episode of the treason of Thomas Doughty and his mutiny on the high seas. Here, for a little while, "Drake" became real drama, and we saw a very touching scene, quite finely played by Mr. Philip Merivale as Doughty. One had the feeling that the wrong Doughty got executed, and that his brother John ought to have been suppressed, and the piece certainly will gain by the removal of the later passages connected with the attempted assassination, which are quite ineffective.

**The Stage Pictures.** And what about "Drake" as a pageant? Its author, Mr. Parker, has had vast experience in pageanting, and we all know Sir Herbert's gifts as *metteur en scène*: a combination of the two should have produced something prodigious; it can hardly be said that expectations have

quite been fulfilled. Drury Lane may complain that Sir Herbert has been poaching in presenting autumn melodrama, and, according to my recollection, could fairly say that its Armada Scene was more effective than the fight in "Drake," which, owing to the smoke, the confusion, the red fire, and the shining helmets, rather suggested a fire-brigade episode than a sea-fight. Whilst on this point of fighting, I might suggest that the combat in the first act was curiously ineffective: we understood that the Spaniards fell into an ambush, but the noise made by the British sailors was enough to put any foes on their guard, and the enemy might also protest that it was hard to suggest they made so poor a fight. Nor do I like Drake's bit of "swank" in paying no attention to a wound which at one moment caused him to feel dizzy. The piece of pageantry most successful was the last scene of this not too eventful history, where Elizabeth went to old St. Paul's for a solemn thanksgiving over the defeat of the Invincible Armada. Here we really had a splendid picture. The historian may complain that to Drake was given an altogether extravagant share in the triumph, but one expects this kind of thing in romantic drama; and no one is really surprised to find it suggested that the triumph of England over the Spaniard was due almost exclusively to the illustrious Francis. Sir Herbert and Mr. Parker handled the picturesque crowd superbly, and the general effect was exceedingly impressive, and only weakened by the little piece of theatricality of the attempted assassination of the hero by John Doughty, which was wholly ineffective. There were other capital pictures, notably the one where Elizabeth paid her visit to the *Golden Hind* and replied to the Spanish Ambassador's threats concerning Drake by knighting the Briton on the spot. Nor can



VICE "QUEEN ELIZABETH", MISS GEORGINA MILNE, WHO IS PLAYING LADY NOELINE IN "THE AMAZONS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Milne, who was Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's understudy in the revival of "The Amazons," took up the part of Lady Noeline when Miss Neilson-Terry went to His Majesty's to appear as Queen Elizabeth in "Drake," and is meeting with much favour.

Photograph by Furlley Lewis.

one easily forget an earlier scene where the Queen visited the adventurous mariner, and the pretty country dance that was contrived for her enjoyment. Having regard to modern standards, there may be nothing extraordinary in the splendours of the production, yet sightseers will find plenty to gratify them in these pictures of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

**The Acting.** Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry looked superb in the part of Queen Bess, though far too young, of course, and too handsome. She played the termagant scenes with much energy, and her performance was clever, yet failed to suggest the character of the great Queen. It is a pity that she does not exhibit a bigger gift for the difficult art of listening. There is some praise due to Miss Amy Brandon Thomas, the hero's sweetheart, and to Mr. A. E. George and Miss Cicely Richards for their brave efforts to be amusing. Mr. Bassett Roe looked very wise and picturesque as Lord Burleigh, but, like many other clever people in the long cast, he had very little to do.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



THE MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES SEN. OF "FIND THE WOMAN": MISS LYDIA BILBROOKE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE GARRICK WITH MUCH SUCCESS.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



PLAYING MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S PART ON TOUR: MISS LILLIAN CAVANAGH IN "AT THE BARN"—AND A PANIER DRESS.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



## MORE GAMES FOR YOU: STOOL-BALL AND JAVELIN-THROWING.



1. STOOL-BALL: A PITCHER DELIVERING A BALL—SHOWING THE STOOL-WICKET AND THE BAT.

2. TAKING A RUN, IN THE MANNER OF THE CRICKETER: PLAYERS OF STOOL-BALL AFTER A GOOD HIT.

3. A SPORT IT IS SUGGESTED BRITISH ATHLETES SHALL TAKE UP FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES: MISS DORA SWINBURNE ROBERTS, OF OXFORD, THROWING THE JAVELIN.

4. OUT: A STOOL-BALL PLAYER WELL CAUGHT.

5. OUT: A BALL FROM THE PITCHER STRIKING THE STOOL-WICKET.

In our last issue we illustrated a new outdoor game, aero-ball. Here we deal with two others; not really new, of course, but recently revived. Javelin-throwing, by the way, is one of the sports it is suggested that British athletes shall take up, that, at future Olympic Games, they may be able to compete in more events than they have in the past. Stool-ball is an ancestor both of cricket and baseball. A special club for the playing of it has been formed at Arundel, and the Duchess of Norfolk has been asked to become president. The photographs show the wickets and the bats well; the rest of the equipment is a No. 3 tennis-ball. The wickets are set sixteen yards apart; and the pitcher stands on a chalk line ten yards from the wicket. An "over" consists of eight pitches. Runs are made as in cricket. The person batting is out if the ball is caught or if the ball strikes the square "stool" of the wicket.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and G.P.U.]





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LONG familiarity with rumours concerning the King's intentions may or may not have prepared Prince Arthur of Connaught, according to his credence of them, for any title bestowed upon him. But in any case, he has a ready talent for adapting himself to the burdens of exceptional honours, and, after having acted at the head of the Commission that discharged the functions of Sovereignty during the King's absence in India, a mere Dukedom will not prove overwhelming. "My Second in Command" was King George's familiar title for him, and is not easily bettered.

Prince Arthur's Promotion. is highly decorated. His British Chains and Orders can be taken for granted; and he has besides the Prussian Black Eagle, the Grand Collar of Spain, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Japanese Order of the



ENGAGED: MR. G. H. TEALL AND MISS JOSEPHINE BURRELL.

Mr. G. H. Teall, who is a Lieutenant in the Lincolnshire Regiment, is the elder son of Dr. J. J. H. Teall, F.R.S., Director of H.M.'s Geological Survey and Museum of Practical Geology. Miss Josephine Burrell is a daughter of Mrs. R. G. Burrell, of St. Nicholas House, Thetford, and of the late Mr. R. G. Burrell. —[Photographs by Swanwick.]



TO COMMAND THE 1st LONDON (ROYAL FUSILIERS) INFANTRY BRIGADE, LORD BINGHAM.

Lord Bingham, who is to succeed Colonel G. M. Mackenzie in command of the 1st London (Royal Fusiliers) Infantry Brigade, is the eldest son of the Earl of Lucan. He served in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-5. —[Photograph by Thomson.]

Chrysanthemum, the Seraphim of Sweden, and the Annunciata of Italy. Perhaps he himself is at a loss to name some of the et ceteras. If his Dukedom — the Dukedom that is already in the Burke of Intentions and of Public Opinion — is at all to take him by surprise, it must be surprising in the manner of its bestowal. The Duke of Fife, who led his bride to the wedding breakfast as an Earl, left it as a Duke, Queen Victoria having done the honours of the meal in a very marked manner. It is obvious that in a short time another Prince will be earning the title of Second in Command, a fact which does not lessen the chances of the unexpected befalling Prince Arthur. Even when he is at



THE MARQUESS OF HEADFORT'S FAMILY: LADY HEADFORT AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

The Marchioness of Headfort married the fourth Marquess in 1901. Her three children are — the Earl of Bective, who was born in 1902; Lord William Desmond Taylour, born in 1904; and Lady Millicent Taylour, born in 1907. —[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

there is also such a thing as second love at first sight."

The Duke of Atholl is entertaining at Atholl Castle, the scene of the annual Gathering. A fine resolution, and even relish, in maintaining the more marked and rugged traditions of Perthshire and the Murrays, render the Duke's surroundings peculiarly interesting, and his invitation to the North is still one of the most desirable that can come the way of an inquisitive Southerner. The Marquess of Tullibardine, to whom the importance of being heir to the dukedom was duly brought home in his youth, has since rubbed shoulders with men who care little, and know less, of the feudal traditions of Blair Atholl; but he has had the sense to appreciate the value of the old Highland characteristics and to help to preserve them. His arguments for the fitness of the Atholl deer-forest for deer and for nothing else are said to be unanswerable.

sea, going or coming at the royal behest, the title may fall from the blue. King George has already experimented in "wireless."

According to Sir James Crichton-Browne speaks with authority; he has put sanatoria and love-matches to the proof. His speech the other day at Sheffield was based on his own fortunate experience, for a "cure" at Buxton in the company of Lady Crichton-Browne had immediately preceded it. Sir James was born in 1840, first married in 1865, and, secondly, only the other day. "Yes, love at first sight has its value," he declares with a smile; "and



TO ENTERTAIN THE KING AND QUEEN AT FLOORS CASTLE: THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, who was married in 1903, was Miss May Goelet, only daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet. Her husband, the eighth Duke, succeeded his father in 1892. He served in South Africa in 1900.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED: MR. WILFRED PERCY TINDAL-ATKINSON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., AND MISS DORA ROUTLEDGE.

Mr. W. P. Tindal-Atkinson is the youngest son of Mr. Edward Tindal-Atkinson, K.C., Recorder of Leeds. Miss Dora Routledge is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Routledge, of Bishops Stortford, and a granddaughter of Sir Walter Gilbey.

Photographs by Lafayette.





# MORE MOFFATISM, YE KEN: "A SCRAPE O' THE PEN."



YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE SCOTCH AGAIN! MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS MATTHA AND LEEZIE INGLIS, AT THE COMEDY.

The Comedy reopened on Wednesday of last week, when there was "offered," to use Mr. Arthur Collins' word for his presentation of "Everywoman," a new Scottish comedy by Mr. Graham Moffat, the author of "Bunt Pulls the Strings." With a single exception, the chief characters are Scots.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]





CHIEFLY CONCERNING LOOT AND HIDDEN TREASURE: "CHINA JIM" TALKS.

Sitting on a Shell. "China Jim" has lived the life adventurous for a goodly number of the years which bear date from 1832 to 1912. At the age of seventeen and a half, he



WHERE THE SUFFRAGE CEASES TROUBLING AND THE PREMIER IS AT REST—PERHAPS! THE PRIME MINISTER'S NEW HOUSE AT SUTTON COURTNEY, NEAR ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

Photograph by Winn.

landed in India, a cadet of the East India Company and a stranger to all in the land. He learnt to shoot and to ride, grew to know the biting power of insects, and made the acquaintance of men and beasts, notably of an elephant which allied to "a very red eye" a mad desire to bite off the tails of other elephants, a hobby he pursued enthusiastically. Then came the Mutiny and dangerous duty, during which Lieutenant Harris had exceedingly narrow shaves. Wounded and sheltered behind the largest thistle he could find, he became a target. Rescuers arrived. "When they had put down the dhooly," he writes, "I managed to crawl into it. Hardly had I done so when a shell from Delhi pitched right into the ground underneath the dhooly, whereupon the men, who were just getting me on their shoulders, dropped me on top of the shell and fled. My first—and very natural—idea was to move, but I was in such pain that I could not. So I just waited. . . . As, however, nothing happened, the men soon returned and walked off with me. The hole in the ground was there for anyone to see, but, luckily for us, the fuse must have blown out." Apropos of wounds, General Harris tells of a remarkable dinner-party at Simla: of the fourteen who sat down, of whom he was one, only two could cut up their meat!

#### Digging for Delhi Treasure.

Back in Delhi, he found things rather dull. "The city and neighbourhood were quite quiet by this time, although, if one went out early in the morning, twenty or thirty natives could be seen hanging in the Chandni Chonk." The monotony was relieved by leave from the prize agents to dig for treasure, on a percentage, in the houses of rebels. "I, unluckily, never found anything," says General Harris, "but I remember digging in the house of a man called Achmit Pie. I dug on a Monday on one side of the lintel of an inner room and found nothing. On

the following Wednesday somebody else, acting on better information, dug on the other side of the doorway and found 60,000 rupees and three bottles of quicksilver." The prize auctions were another diversion; and Lieutenant Harris got a shrewd idea of the value of precious stones and metals. This knowledge was to serve him well.

#### A Looting "Picnic" in Peking.

The China campaign of 1860, he avers, was the most enjoyable picnic in which he had taken part. It gave him his nickname, "possibly," he says, "because I got more valuable 'loot' from the Summer Palace than any other man in the force." The amount of this was, he will tell you, much exaggerated; but it was considerable, and, some of it, of uncommon interest. Looting was general and, of course, officially permitted. Lieutenant Harris bought a number of fine pearls from the French, who did not seem

for twenty dollars, "a magnificent watch of blue enamel, with a sun of diamonds on the back, the centre stone of which was more than half-an-inch in diameter. Pearls, wonderfully matched, made a border, back and front. . . . The watch, like everything else in the palace, had two small Chinese labels upon it, and some time after I showed them to Wade, our interpreter. . . . I discovered that I owned the watch which had been presented by Lord McCartney to the Emperor in 1792. . . . It had cost five hundred guineas." Loot taken in the ordinary way by special permission of Sir Hope Grant was also remarkable—but had to be sold by auction, that the proceeds might go into a prize fund in which both officers and men shared. To this Lieutenant Harris made large contributions, including gold many had passed by, believing it to be brass! Also, he was able to keep some for himself. "I took the first opportunity on the line of march," he writes, "to ask for an interview with the Commander-in-Chief. . . . I admitted that I had between £10,000 and £20,000 worth of gold, and asked if I might keep it. 'Why, yes, you saw the orders?' was the answer." Those were the days!

#### For Hidden Wealth, Dig in India.

If General Harris's subsequent active career was less well rewarded pecuniarily, it was every bit as interesting and of undoubted value to his country. For details of it, his book must be consulted: it certainly will be enjoyed, for there is not a dull page in it. Incidentally, it may set some treasure-hunting in Delhi, and so add to the spice of life. For "China Jim" is inclined to think that hidden treasure is to be unearthed not only in Delhi and its neighbourhood but also in many other parts of India known to him. "I had many native friends," he says, "and was constantly hearing stories from them of low-caste men—who were supposed to make their living by digging bricks out of the ruins and selling them to builders in modern Delhi—finding treasure in the shape of gold mohurs, and disappearing from the ken of men. I, of course, knew that there were no banks in the country, and that everyone who had any always buried it."



JUST UNVEILED: A MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST SOLDIER KILLED IN THE WAR OF 1870.

This monument to Lieutenant Herbert Winsloe, of the 1. 3. Bad. Regiment of Dragoons (German Army), who fell on July 25, 1870, has just been unveiled in the cemetery at Bad Niederbronn, in Alsace-Lorraine. Pastor Simon, who actually performed the burial service in 1870, officiated.

Photograph by Record Press.

to value them as they did other stones. One captain of infantry had a box containing at least £100,000 worth of jewels, including a watch, "round in shape, about the size of a tennis-ball. The case was literally a hollow sphere of the finest rose diamonds set in open gold, seventy-six of them altogether, the largest one being nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter. . . . It had Charles I.'s cipher on the key." Lieutenant Harris purchased seventy-eight pearls of all sizes—none worth less than £10 apiece, and some worth £150 to £250 each—for £50; a pearl worth 6000 rupees for £5; and, later, for example, five pearls, each worth 250 guineas, for four dollars! Further, he bought, from a French private,



THE INDIAN BOY SCOUT: BADEN-POWELLITES, OF ALLAHABAD, IN DISGUISE.

In the guise here shown, the two Boy Scouts succeeded in carrying despatches through the lines of the "enemy."

\* "China Jim." By Major-General J. T. Harris. (Heinemann 3s. 6d. net.)





# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## MOONSTRUCK.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I AM so sleepy! What can the time be? I am not very anxious to know. The world just now holds me between the meshes of a hammock. My horizon is a blackberry-bush and two brown pines. Their trunks have been cut open for resin, and the air is full of a bitter-sweet smell from the tears of those mutilated giants. I am so sleepy. I am also a little stiff and a little cold. It is early morning, and I have spent the night in the hammock in my ball-dress. If only the mosquitoes would stop pumping the blood off my bare arms and neck! I have not enough energy to chase them away. Last night was ball night at the Casino. It was the queerest experience of my life—my social life. I need not say we have no Casino here in our blessed little sand-hole. No, we actually went to meet the hideous Casino of a hideous and pretentious neighbour-town. The girls were responsible for that folly. They wanted to dance. We have a wonderful terrace where they could have danced in the moonlight on the slippery pine-needles. But no, they wanted a real ball, with a band of sleepy musicians, perspiring and inarticulate



WHY THE BATHERS FLED FOR THEIR LIVES! THE SHARK WHICH CAUSED CONSTERNATION AT DOVER.

Boatman Clark is here seen with a catch, in the shape of a shark, which caused considerable trepidation amongst bathers in Dover Bay, many of whom left the water with almost indecent haste, only to be reassured later when they were in a position to see the size of the enemy.

Photograph by Barrett.

partners, the lights, the dust, and the horrors of a cotillon.

What a girl wishes for deities wink at—and to the ball we went. We had a fairy-like drive from the house to the Casino, in spite of the fact that we were too many in the car, and that the boy had certainly upset a brilliantine-bottle on his shock of hair. We ran alongside the sea, having now and then a peep at her, grey and contemptuous between two sand-hills. The road that we thought white as we emerged from the house was now full of purple and blue shadows between the black pine-woods. How much faster one travels at night, even at the same pace, than when one sees with one's dull, exact eyes in full daylight! And I love precipitous turnings in a car swift and sure, corners that jump at you in the dark like masked highwaymen and give you such an exquisite little creep just under your hair-slide. And the moon, how glorious, round, and serene it was last night! By the way, have you ever noticed the woman in the moon? Look well in the lower part of the moon on the right, and you will see a woman—head, neck, and shoulders. Her hair is dressed high and fluffy, as was the fashion

some five years ago. The whole looks for all the world like a poster-portrait of Yvette Guilbert on a yellow background.

And then the Casino—a small jerry-built affair in a meagre garden, a wing where a few self-anxious gamblers venture from one to five francs at the *petits-chevaux* under the discouraged encouragements of an apathetic croupier. His "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs" rings and falls like a gentle reproach. And then the ball-room, which, three times a week, is a playhouse where the gayest of old *operettes* at which our fathers laughed are given lugubriously by a handful of desperately gay strolling artists! I cried there the other night at "Le Petit Duc" and "Mam'zelle Nitouche." But the ball of yesterday was certainly the saddest of all those festivities. It was not a country ball, where one and all do dance and enjoy themselves laboriously; neither was it a ball where everyone knew how to dance and where evening dress was *de rigueur*. It was a room full of a most extraordinarily mixed mass of maniacs, where the Baron, the Count, and the Poet, who were our respective cavaliers, danced with the cobbler's daughters and the cabin-keeper's wife. It was a room where all doors and windows were closed and where the dancers' feet, in spite of the talc sprinkled on the floor, stuck on the gritty sand and would not glide. It was a ghastly performance, and meanwhile, outside, the purest of midsummer nights was waiting, the most perfect night of the summer.

That ball rendered me as melancholy as do Sunday bells, and a fair with its hoots and its flares and the cacophony of its merry-go-rounds.

As we were coming back, floating home without jar or sound, amid the scent of wild pink carnations and yellow immortelles, a song sang in my brain. It is a hopeless song of vulgar joys, the saddest song I ever heard. The words are by Verlaine and the music, I think, is by Debussy. It is called "Chevaux de Bois," and a provincial street at noon is not more desolate. I sang it as we came back from the ball, and tears came to my eyes. The girls saw them and cried very loud that I was moonstruck. I believe they were right. So moonstruck was I that, once in the garden, I went straight where Tanit was resting, languid and white, on the moss, and there I stayed far from the house, from the lights, from the sound of words. The alley leading to the hammock was so entrancing and uncertain, full of blackness and silence. And I forgot that an hour ago I was dancing the cotillon with men revolting in paper caps and cardboard noses. The hammock swung me to sleep as the woman in the moon was becoming fainter and fainter in the lighter sky.



ENGAGED TO MR. P. LLOYD GREAME: MISS M. C. BOYNTON.

Miss Boynton is the daughter of the Rev. Charles Ingram W. Boynton (Rector of Barmston, Driffild, and brother of Sir Griffith Boynton, the twelfth Baronet), and of the late Hon. Mrs. Boynton, daughter of the first Baron Masham.

Photograph by Langflier.



ANTICIPATING THE 1ST OF THE FIRST MONTH ENDING IN "R": THE HON. MRS. J. HENNIKER HEATON EATING AN OYSTER.

The Hon. Mrs. J. Henniker Heaton, only daughter of Lord Gwydyr, is here seen eating an oyster at Whitstable on board the dredger which went out to the oyster-beds there on Aug. 31 to open the oyster season. Mrs. Henniker Heaton is the daughter-in-law of Sir John Henniker Heaton.

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE CAKE TAKEN.



LAWSON  
WOOD.  
/12

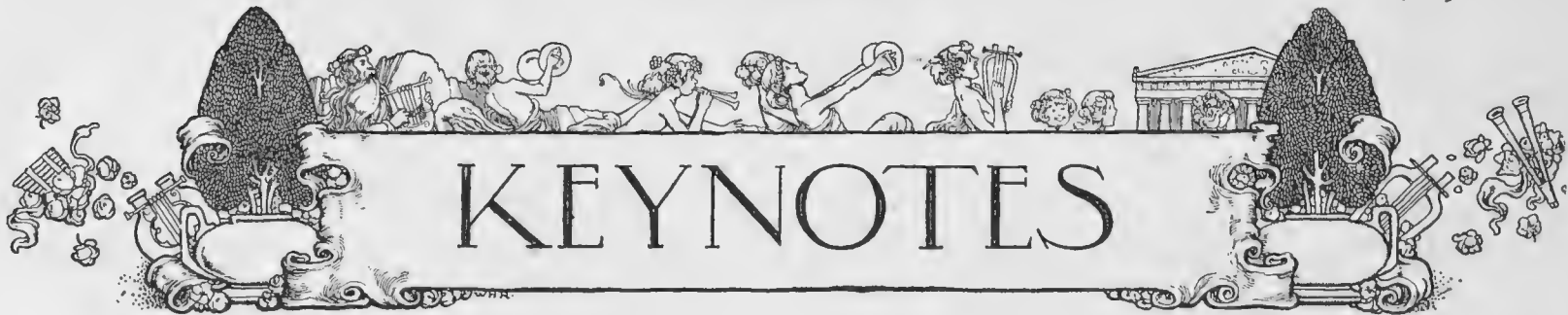
THE OLD LADY: What's the matter with the little boy?

HIS ELDER BROTHER: Oh, 'e's crying 'cos I'm eatin' my cake and won't give 'im any.

THE OLD LADY: Is his own cake finished, then?

HIS ELDER BROTHER: Yes; an' 'e cried while I was eatin' that too.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# KEYNOTES

## THE STRANGE CASE OF ERICH KORNGOLD.

AT a recent Promenade Concert some of the music from the pantomime ballet, "The Snowman," by Erich Korngold, received its first hearing in London. It is already popular in Austria, Germany, and Italy, and was composed in 1908, when Korngold was eleven years old. The boy's work has not been heralded by the usual puffs; he would seem to have no Press agent, and to need none. As usual, London is late in getting a first hearing of new music that has already made a certain impression on the Continent, where the surprise occasioned by the flow of mature music from a child's pen has passed away.

Once again we find ourselves face to face with a case of extraordinary musical talent in a child, and are left wondering whence it is derived, and why manifestations of precocity in the arts always seem to work in these years through the medium of music. Child sculptors, painters, poets, and writers are practically unknown; youthful talent is common but generally unproductive; a great promise is all too often followed by an indifferent performance. On the other hand, it is no uncommon experience to listen to the mere children whose fingers have mastered the mechanics of piano and violin playing and whose brains have turned them instinctively to a reasoned and intelligent interpretation. Hardly a season passes without bringing forward some of these "wonder-children," whose

world, who, at the age of eleven, have presumably accumulated no actual experiences that they are competent to record, whose emotions, presumably, are waiting upon a maturity that is lying some years beyond their reach? We can grant that Korngold enters the musical arena with something to say, and an astonishing mastery over the means by which it may be said. We know that he was brought up in an atmosphere of music, that his father is a leading Viennese critic of music, and that he would have been associated with music from his earliest years. This is interesting without being explanatory. It will not account for a single item in young Korngold's output, and to those who talk mysteriously about "reincarnation," there is no effective reply. Our philosophy has not dreamt of such things, but this may be the fault of our philosophy.

Korngold has written other music. Before he entered his teens he had placed to his credit, as composer, two pianoforte sonatas that are said by those who have seen the scores to be not only masterly in construction, but original in thought and absolutely modern. Under ordinary circumstances long years of study would have been required to master the intricacies that seem to be with Korngold the spontaneous expression of his message. In fact, we are baffled by the lad's achievement, and are left wondering why Nature, when she wishes to enrich the world with a genius, favours music above all other arts.

Taken by itself, the music to "The Snowman" is not epoch-making. It is facile—it seems to be the product of a mind well stored with old and modern idioms and able to select with certainty the most appropriate mode of expression. There is a certain elegance about it, something akin to distinction, and yet the special claim is, undoubtedly, that it was written, and presumably scored for full orchestra, by a child at the age when only a clever child would be expected to know the names of all the instruments in the modern orchestra and the section to which each respectively belongs.

One would like to have a careful and conscientious record of the boy's development, to know how he passed his early years, when first he started to study, and how he was taught. Unfortunately, these matters are seldom noted, and are only written when there is a demand for them for business ends, and then they are usually set down by those who know nothing about the matter. Happily, though the past may be destined to remain obscure, the future should be very clear, and the career of Erich Korngold will be followed with genuine interest as long as it shows signs of development along the early lines. Whether the lad will be allowed to mature in retirement, or will be required to stimulate the public interest, is the point of special moment and uncertainty.

COMMON CHORD.



NIGHT: Mlle. Gaby Deslys in "A Day in Trouville."

gifts are being rather foolishly exploited. A young conductor is not unknown, but the child composer of any consequence is rare, because the compositions that can claim a second look must be modern in spirit and feeling. Modern music is extremely complicated—some of the advanced scores being as unintelligible as a Chinese puzzle, until they have been closely studied. Even then there is much that remains beyond the ken of the student whose acquaintance with the laws of harmony and counterpoint and the devices of modern orchestration is something better than a negligible quantity. We feel about the average modern score that it is intensely, often deliberately, recondite, that the composer is ever endeavouring to widen the existing limitations of brain and ear, that even if he fail painfully he has yet striven valiantly. He has brought to his task long years in some academy, followed by close touch with the realities of music. He has, perhaps, played in an orchestra and copied scores and studied the best of the new work and fought his own way from small and trivial utterance to the message that must constitute his ultimate appeal for a hearing. In these labours no small part of his working life has gone; hope and disappointment, sad times and joyful have lent their colour to his muse—his creations are the fruits of his experience.

So much, then, for the ordinary man; we can place and account for him. But what shall be said for the Erich Korngolds of the



MORNING: Mlle. Gaby Deslys in "A Day in Trouville."



VERY WARMLY DISCUSSED: Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Mr. Harry Pilcer in "A Day in Trouville," at the Palace.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys' new "turn" at the Palace, which is a musical comedietta with the title "A Day in Trouville," has called forth many comments. Her dancing-partner, Mr. Harry Pilcer, has made a great "hit."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



WORTH KNOWING.



THE FAIR LADY: Now, don't make me laugh, you wicked man; I'm going through a course for the treatment of wrinkles.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## MARIETTE'S REVENGE.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

THE house was in the Quartier Latin—the room furnished typically as an artist's. There was an air of refinement in all its furniture and ornaments—an air of sensuous luxury which spoke volumes about its owner.

He was standing before an easel, busy painting. Suddenly he threw down the brushes.

"I can paint no more to-day, Mariette."

The girl descended from the throne. She was tall, of a beauty that could rouse a man's passion. Clusters of dark, waving hair shaded a pair of eyes ever-changing in expression. Her lips were full and voluptuous.

She came to the man's side and looked at the picture.

"It is good," she said, "very good."

"You like it, *ma petite*?"

"But yes."

"I am glad," he said, softly.

"I am tired, Jack," she said, mispronouncing the name delightfully.

Stepping forward, he slipped his arm around her waist, and led her to a long couch in a corner of the room. Sitting down, he drew her to him.

"Then you shall rest and talk to me," he said.

The light of the afternoon began to fade, and shadows fell across the room.

"Yes, *ma petite*," he said, referring to the picture, "when it is finished, we will have a great evening together. Dinner at the Café des Anglais, and then the Opera."

"And when it is hung in the Salon—you will marry me?"

The shadows which had fallen across the room hid his face from her sight.

"Yes," he answered, "yes."

Three weeks later, the picture was completed, and side by side they gazed upon it. It was good, and the man knew it. They gazed at it, the living monument of a man's passion and a woman's folly.

"It is good," she said, repeating her words of a few weeks before, "and they will hang it!"

"Perhaps," he replied. He had come to Paris as a student, and succeeded where many another older man had failed, yet he was not content.

He smiled down upon her eager, upturned face. "We will not think about that to-night. We will go to the Opera and be my grand lord and lady—eh, *ma petite*?"

She nodded approval, and her eyes sparkled.

"I must go home and dress now," she said, a few minutes later; "I want you to be proud of me to-night."

He kissed her passionately. "I should always be proud," he said, "whether you were in satin or rags."

More than once he gazed at her as they sat side by side in the stalls at the Opera, and there was a look of satisfaction in his eyes. He was proud to have her with him, for she looked a queen amidst the women around her—proud to know that she was his, body and soul.

"You have enjoyed yourself?" he said, as they drove home through the crowded streets.

"Yes," she replied. There was a bright colour on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. Her whole being seemed alive, thrilling and happy from pleasure, and the sight of her maddened him.

The *fiacre* stopped before his house. "You will come in for a little while?" he pleaded.

For a moment she hesitated.

Life was young, and the infectious gaiety of the evening still surged through her veins.

"Only for a few moments," she said, "for it is late."

He drew her into his studio, where the picture still hung.

His arm around her, he led her to the couch. "Mariette," he said, "I was proud of you to-night—so proud! By God, there was not another woman in the theatre who could hold a candle to you for beauty!"

Something in his voice prompted the girl to look at him, and she read that upon his face which turned her dizzy.

"Jack," she murmured brokenly, "Jack."

"Mariette," he said, in a low, husky voice—"my Mariette."

### CHAPTER II.

Six months had passed; spring, with its promise of life, had passed. Strivenon's picture had been accepted and hung in the Salon. It had brought him fame beyond his wildest hopes. Critics had praised it with all the fervour of the Gallic soul, crowds stood before it in the Salon.

At first the news had filled Mariette with a great pride for the man she loved, a pride which was to die in wild jealousy as she saw him gradually drift out of her life. No more the morning in the studio, when he praised her beauty, which should bring him fame. The fame had come, and he had forgotten.

As she sat in her little room, her cheeks were white, her eyes dark-rimmed and heavy from lack of sleep. On the floor, at her feet, lay a copy of the morning paper announcing the engagement of Mr. Jack Strivenon to Mam'selle Lemonte.

Slowly she rose, and putting on her hat, left the house.

Strivenon's sudden access of fortune necessitated a change of residence, and he had removed to a commodious flat not far from the Rue de la Paix, in the heart of fashionable Paris.

He rose as she entered.

"You, Mariette!" he said. He looked at her, and for a moment she saw a spark of the old passion kindle in his eyes.

She advanced with hands outstretched, pleading. "Jack, it is not true, what I read in the papers? You are not engaged?"

"I am," he replied.

"Jack, and you promised when your picture was hung you would marry me."

He made no reply.

She stood before him, in the beauty of her young womanhood. "Do you remember that evening when the picture was finished—the picture that has brought you honour? Do you remember that evening?" Her face was crimson as she spoke. For a second her eyes sought his.

"Yes," he said gently, "I remember. I shall never forget that evening, *ma petite*, even when I am married."

"And remembering it, you can go to the other woman?"

"Mariette, even if she had not come into my life—we could never have married. We should have grown tired of one another. Ours was a love too passionate to have survived the commonplace of every day. As long as I have a penny, you shall never want, Mariette."

"I have not come to you for money," she said hotly. "You told me once you loved me. I shall never forget you, even when you have gone to the other woman." The next moment he was alone.

[Continued overleaf.]



WHEN RAIN MAKES THE SEASIDE IMPOSSIBLE: A SUGGESTION.



EVERY FLAT ITS OWN WEEK-END RESORT: AN IDEA FOR THE TOWN-DWELLER.

DRAWN BY SPLASH.

Slowly Mariette walked up the street, hardly heeding the direction.

Dragging herself slowly up the stairs to her room, she flung herself down upon the couch. No tears came as a relief—there is a grief too deep for tears.

Mariette was a girl of many moods. The mixed blood which ran in her veins gave her a mind tempestuous and stormy. A child of passion, a deep hatred seized her against the man who had wronged her.

Rising suddenly, she crossed to the table and commenced writing him a letter.

"No," she said to herself, "I cannot let him go to the other woman. He is mine—mine!"

When she had finished, she read it through—

DEAR JACK,—I have been thinking through what you said to me; perhaps you are right; we could never have been happy had we married. The everyday life would have killed our love and we should have grown to hate one another. But I should like you to spend one more evening with me, just for the sake of the past—one I can remember you by. The other woman, the one to whom you are going for life, will not mind, surely. I hope you will come, *mon cher*, and I shall expect you to-morrow at eight o'clock, here.

The passionate blood of the Southerner which ran in her veins made her smile cruelly as she sealed down the envelope and addressed it.

"He will come," she said.

Strivenon read the letter on the following morning over a late breakfast.

Before he sat down to commence his work for the morning, he scribbled a short reply, only a few words, but they caused Mariette pleasure when she read them.

The morning she spent preparing herself for the meeting in the evening. Then, after an early cup of tea, she left the house and went to M'sieu Fabriez's, the chemist, at the corner of the street, and purchased some prussic acid.

He looked at her in surprise at the demand. "Prussic acid?" he said—"it is a terrible poison. You want it for—?"

"I want it," she replied glibly, "to kill rats. My rooms are overrun with them, and Madame where I live has told me it is a good thing to kill them. Is it not so?"

M'sieu Fabriez was a little man with a sense of importance which totally outweighed his ability. "That is so," he responded gravely; "but it is dangerous."

Mariette laughed. "I do not want to poison myself," she said.

M'sieu Fabriez looked at her youthful figure, and permitted his features to relax their usual solemnity. "No, Mam'selle," he responded.

A few minutes later Mariette left the shop, clutching tightly in her hands the precious phial.

In the seclusion of her own room she examined it, holding it up to the light.

She smiled as she saw the precious drops of colourless liquid which would for ever prevent the man she loved from going to the other woman.

Then she prepared herself for the evening, dressing herself in her best clothes. In her hair she placed a single red rose, and bound the tresses around with a ribbon of the same colour.

A little after eight Strivenon appeared. He stood for a moment on the threshold as he saw her.

"Mariette," he said, "you look more beautiful than I have ever seen you."

She checked the hasty retort that rose to her lips.

"It is because I have been thinking of you to-night," she said.

He flung himself down on a couch which stood in the window, and his eyes rested upon her as she flitted to and fro across the room.

Then she came and stood before him. "Jack," she said, "I shall sing to you to-night, as I used to in the old days; do you remember?"

"Yes," he replied. Already he was beginning to wonder if he had chosen rightly.

"And then we will have supper."

Hatred had steeled her for the part she was to play, and should she falter, hidden in her dress, pressing against her bosom, rested the phial.

The songs she chose were love-songs of Italy and of Provence—soft and low, breathing of sunshine and pleasure, of love and passion.

Suddenly she stopped, and her voice died away. She rose.

"We will have supper now. See, it is all ready." She pointed to a laden table, standing in a corner of the room, and together they lifted it into the centre.

She had spent almost her last franc upon the supper. "There," she said, and there was a note of triumph in her voice, which he heard and misunderstood.

"You are awfully good to me, Mariette," he said, "and I have been a brute to you—a cad."

Mariette shrugged her shoulders. "It is the way of man—and this," she made a comprehensive gesture, "the way of woman." And the tiny phial resting against her bosom burnt into her flesh like live coal.

They lingered over the supper, as one does before a last parting.

At last Strivenon sat back in his chair, a cigarette between his lips. There was a frown upon his brow. He was not happy. The hour of parting was drawing near.

Mariette rose. "We must say good-bye, now," she said, "and you will drink a last toast with me before you go." She reached for his glass, and poured into it some wine. Her back was turned to him, hiding her actions from his sight.

"You shall drink my health," she said, "and then I will drink yours; and then—we part."

She watched him raise the glass towards his lips. It was only a few inches from them.

Then, on a sudden impulse she seized it from his hand. Some of the contents spilt upon his clothes, upon the linen cloth, and upon the floor.

He leapt to his feet. "Mariette!" he cried, "that was my wine you drank."

She looked at him—her arms stretched out, her eyes wild, lit with a savage glow.

"It was poisoned," she cried; "I poisoned it, so that you might die mine. Instead I have given you to the other woman; you understand."

She swayed as she spoke.

Strivenon rushed forward and caught her in his arms, and laid her on the couch.

"Mariette," he cried, as the awful truth forced itself upon his brain. Then he gazed at her. A smile was on her lips; she had died in his arms, so she had died happy.

THE END.



SAVED! (I DON'T THINK).

(Scene from a Possible Play of the Future.)

THE HEROINE (momentarily escaping the villain's clutches): Help! Police! Murder!  
THE VILLAIN: Ha, ha! Useless, useless! You will get no answer. The telephone is under Government control. (Proceeds with the crime.)

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





# ON THE LINKS

THE ILLS THE GOLFER IS HEIR TO: SORE HANDS, STALENESS, AND THEIR REMEDIES.

## Golfer's Sore Hands.

In hot weather, and when two rounds are being constantly played in a day, and sometimes three, the sore-hands problem becomes a very serious one, and something has to be done. When the fingers begin to crack, as they sometimes do, it becomes extremely difficult to hold and play the clubs properly. Much bathing of the hands in hot water at night may be a good thing for some people, but a better one is to rub them well with one of the toilet preparations like Lanoline, and if the patient will go the length of one who sleeps during the hot and busy golfing season with his hands in gloves that have had some tubes of this stuff squeezed into them, perhaps it may be so much the better. Prevention, however, is better than cure, and most of these sore hands and fingers are due to the harsh grips that have been universally applied to wooden clubs until recently—I mean the leather grips on which black sticky stuff is rubbed to make the hands hold tightly on. These are the old-fashioned grips, and most players keep to them because they are old-fashioned; but they are far from being the best. During the last season or two there has been much inventive attention paid to the production of something better than this waxed leather, and this summer especially several new grips of an artificial kind have been produced that are most admirable in every way. They do not need waxing or treating, they afford a perfect hold, and they are delightfully cool and pleasant to the hands, which hardly ever get sore when they are used. The best recommendation possible is to have them applied to your wooden clubs; they help your comfort and they help your game. If it is sometimes felt that a little extra sticking-power is wanted, there is nothing better than to apply to the hands, very occasionally, some of the stuff of a glycerine character that is sold in tubes specially for the purpose.

REGARDED AS ONE OF THE TWO BEST GOLFERS IN THE UNITED STATES: MR. CHARLES (CHICK) EVANS, A PLAYER IN THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Sport and General.

## Seasonable Ailments.

This, indeed, is the time when golfers suffer from all kinds of ailments brought on by the difficult conditions and their own excesses at the game. For all their fitness, they become stiff and slack, and for all the warnings that are given to them, they will not come to understand that, however invigorating a morning swim in the sea may be, it is a bad thing for the golf that has to be played afterwards, for none of the joints and muscles seem to work right then. It has been established without any doubt that this sea-bathing is the worst possible thing

for golf that has to be played the same day, but if it must be done, then it has been found that a warm bath in the house afterwards will undo most of the bad effects that the briny water has caused. The warm bath is, indeed, one of the finest antidotes in the world to many golfing ills that are contracted at holiday times. A slightly tepid bath in the morning and a very warm one in the evening are splendid things for keeping the frame and the muscles supple and in good working order. I know a man who, when on golfing holiday, never plays in the afternoon—a very wise fellow indeed—but rests and sleeps and dreams of victory, and on being roused at the time of tea, sips his cup of it and then tumbles into a quite warm bath that has had a few spoonfuls of mustard in it. Then he gets himself off to the links again, more refreshed and vigorous than the giant of ancient tradition, and plays the best golf of which he is capable. We never play him for money in this evening round, much as he desires it.

## Wise Moderation.

That evening round, instead of the one in the afternoon, is a splendid system for the holidays, and a better one still is to play only one round on two days of the week, and to have a complete rest from the game on one other of those days. It is only by denying oneself the maximum of play that the game can be kept in order, keenness retained, and staleness avoided. I have seen it stated somewhere that it is a splendid thing to play right through a period of staleness until the good game comes back again, and that then the player is all

the better for it and his game is surer of subsequent permanence. This may seem to some to be splendid counsel, but few will appreciate it. In the case of most players

no evidence has ever been afforded that the staleness can ever be played out, as it were; one flounders and experiments, changes clubs and buys new ones, until everything is in a hopeless tangle, and despair lies heavily upon the soul. Some men may break through the staleness by continuous play, but that the majority never will do so is certain, and the attempt only results in the most horrible daily disappointments. When it is clear that staleness has been contracted, the best thing to do is to give the game a rest, and nothing less than a week of it is much use. That is why it is a good thing to have a motor with you on your golfing holiday, if possible; if not a motor, then a bike, and if neither, you might try to learn fishing—anything to occupy yourself and take your mind away from the dreadful game. HENRY LEACH.

THE WINNER OF THE WELSH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. L. A. PHILLIPS, OF NEWPORT. Mr. Phillips gained his second victory in the Welsh Amateur Championship on the 4th, when he beat Mr. C. H. Turnbull, on the Royal Porthcawl Club's Course, in the 36 holes final, by 4 and 3.

Photo. by Sport and General.



DEFEATED IN PART, AT LEAST, BY THE HEAT: MESSRS. H. H. HILTON AND NORMAN F. HUNTER, THE BRITISH PLAYERS IN THE AMERICAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mr. Hilton was beaten the other day by Mr. C. G. Waldo. Without being unappreciative of Mr. Waldo's play, it may be assumed that the great heat had something to do with Mr. Hilton's defeat. The sun was responsible also for the retirement of Mr. Norman Hunter, who had been playing splendidly, but he was knocked over by the heat.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



SENSIBLY DRESSED FOR HEAT WAVE GOLF: MR. JEROME TRAVERS, METROPOLITAN CHAMPION, A PLAYER IN THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Levick.



## NEPTUNE'S CAULDRON: A VOLCANO AS BOILER OF WATER.



NOT AN EXPLOSION OF A SUBMARINE MINE: THE IMMENSE CLOUD OF STEAM WHERE THE LAVA MEETS THE SEA, AT SAVAIL.

Our correspondent writes: "The photograph shows the immense column of steam arising from where the lava from the volcano on the Island of Savail, of the Samoan Group, meets the sea. It was taken from the deck of the New Zealand Island steamer "Navna." The island is about four days' journey northward by steamer from New Zealand and attracts thousands of visitors yearly." Savail is the largest of the Samoan Group and has two high chains of mountains of volcanic origin. It is forty-five miles long and thirty miles broad.—[Photograph by W. F. Hartley.]





### THE CALL OF THE WILD: A NEW ROUTE BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

#### Car-Insurance by Tyre-Purchase.

No owner of a motor-car who desires to be esteemed a prudent person will fail to insure so valuable an article as his car against accidental damage. It is not for himself that he needs to take thought. He is likely to take all proper precautions for his well-being, but it is the crass and reckless foolishness of other people against which he must seek protection. Now, car-insurance, even when whittled down to the least common multiple, is a sufficiently expensive matter to the man of moderate means, and any method of lightening the burden is certain to be accorded a warm welcome. It is not remarkable, then, that Pirelli tyres, which already enjoy a sound reputation of their own, are rapidly growing in favour every day, seeing that the purchaser of a set for any car whatsoever has thereupon issued to him a Free Accident Insurance policy by the London and Lancashire Life and General Association. Indeed, it is not even necessary for the purchase of the set to take place at the same time—they may be obtained

Mr. Victor Hart, who deserves well of his fellow-creatures for the pains he has been at in including some of the best scenery in the North of England, and dodging the tram-lines and manufacturing abominations of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Midlands. As he points out, the eastern road as far as Newcastle is remarkable for little but telegraph-poles, while the tameness of the western line is accentuated by thirty miles of depressing and squalid surroundings from south of Warrington to Preston.

#### Cheating the Black Country.

Coming southward, Hart's road leads over the wild Alston Moor, by the High Force Hotel, for the finest waterfall in England, through the celebrated Wensley Dale, whose scenery is supplemented by its cheese, by Hardraw Scar, another beautiful waterfall, and then through Bishop's Dale to the top of Kidstone's Pass. Hence Wharfedale, claimed to be the loveliest valley in Yorkshire, and on to Bolton Abbey, with its suggestion of Landseer's famous picture. The congested districts swarming round Manchester, on the right, and Leeds, on the left, are very

#### A WOOLSLEY OR A DE DION MOUTON? AN OVINE MOTORIST AND HIS CAR.

cleverly dodged by the outcome of four successive years' experience. Having brought the tourist as far south as Chapel-en-le-Frith, Mr. Hart offers a choice of routes to the South. One may go via Bawell, Matlock, and Derby, to Atherstone, where the Watling Street is encountered; or (and this is infinitely preferable) travel by Buxton, Ashbourne, Uttoxeter, Coleshill, Kenilworth, Warwick, Banbury, Aylesbury, Wendover, Great Missenden, Amersham, and Uxbridge to town.

#### A Surfeit of Privilege.

Really, really, the Automobile Association must clap the brakes down on their enterprise or they will surfeit their members with privilege. The ink is hardly dry on the ukase anent the telephone boxes, when out comes a scheme for providing handsome toilet-cabinets at hotels, which cabinets are to contain a comb, brush, etc., usable by the A.A. members entirely free of charge and subject to the hotel proprietor undertaking to keep the toilet-box supplied with small hand-towels ready for use. The cabinets are locked, so that their contents are available only to members of the A.A., who will be provided with keys. These installations are the outcome

#### "AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT": A NEW INCIDENT IN AN OLD STORY.

A correspondent who writes from Eastbourne sends us the two photographs reproduced on this page of a tame sheep that has a taste for motoring—a somewhat unusual form of recreation for the ovine race. It suggests the need for some new verses in the old nursery rhyme about Mary and her lamb, also the re-naming of some well-known cars.

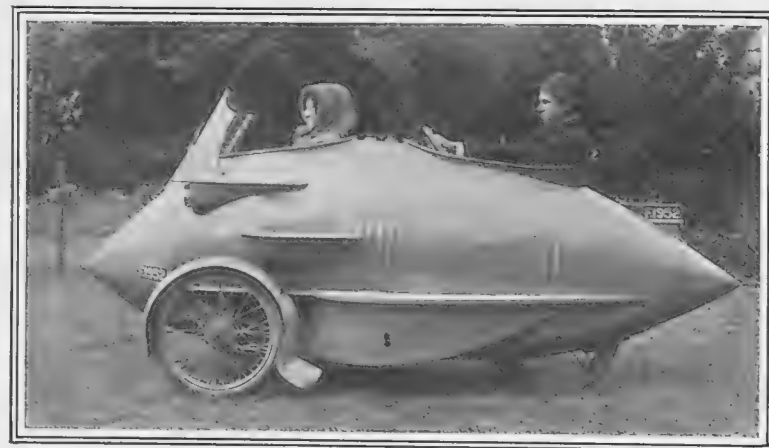
separately. In view of such advantageous conditions of purchase, it must not be presumed, therefore, that the tyres suffer in quality. On the other hand, the world-wide reputation of Messrs. Pirelli, Ltd., for rubber goods is earnest for the excellence of their tyres.

#### Hill-Climbing Extraordinary.

Messrs. Peugeot, M. Boillot, and the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., continue to gather laurels galore. This triumvirate succeeded lately in attaching to themselves the honours of the Mont Ventoux Hill-Climb, a little scaling of 13½ miles of mountain road, with poor surface, and a difference in elevation of 5245 feet 'twixt start and finish, which gives an average gradient of 1 in 13.3. In this event all previous records were broken, the distance being covered in 17 min. 45 sec. We can realise the stress upon machine and man; but what about the tyres through which was exerted the force necessary to impel the car up this hill at over forty-five miles per hour? But Continentals were also present on the cars winning the third, sixth, and thirteenth classes for racing-cars, as well as on the touring-car winning the eleventh class, and on the machine winning the Motor-Cycle General Class.

#### Auld Reekie to Cockaigne.

One always finds interesting and instructive matter in each monthly issue of the *Austin Advocate*, and the September number is more than equal to those that have gone before. To my mind, it is particularly valuable for the detail of a fresh route between London and Edinburgh, and vice-versa, and one that all motorists who have time to burn, a disregard for speed, and a love of scenery will in future adopt rather than the usually followed, dull and tiresome east or west itineraries. The route has been nosed and wormed out by



#### TO REDUCE AIR-RESISTANCE OR RESIST RAIN-PERSISTENCE? A FISH-LIKE BODY EVOLVED BY THE 1912 SUMMER.

This very much enclosed car, which has lately been seen in London, is not, as might be supposed, a kind of motor-torpedo. It represents, we are told, an engineer's idea of what a pleasure-car should be to contend with the British climate.

Photograph by Partridge's Pictorial Press.

of visits to several hundreds of hotels by a special staff of inspectors, and the complaints of motorists of inadequate toilet accommodation, and the difficulty of getting a satisfactory "wash and brush-up" at many hotels under conditions of assured cleanliness.

## THE "LITTLE BROWN BIRD": PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE was a great outcry last week against the partridge-shooting season which had opened on the Monday to the accompaniment of showery, uncertain weather; and at the present moment there are some who are inclined to believe that the present will be the worst year on record, or one of the worst. I think, to quote Mark Twain when he wrote to comment upon the report that he was dead, "the statement is exaggerated." I rode through thirty or forty miles of Cambridgeshire on the opening day of the season, and saw dozens of strong coveys in a part that has suffered not a little from the rain. In all probability, a fine September will reveal many possibilities of the present season that are at present hidden. If we do not have a fine September we must look to October; but, in any case, it is a pity to discount and damn a season before it has had a chance of showing what it is worth. I am confident that it will not justify the pessimists.

**The Days Before Shooting Parties.** In many parts of the country the rent of roughshooting, which generally includes partridge-shooting on

plentiful as they are to-day; the stubbles were not shaved by the self-binder, there was cover for the coveys, and the pointers were almost as indispensable as the gun. I asked an elderly friend of mine, the owner of a modest estate and a keen sportsman of the old school, what he regarded as a good bag for two guns in the days when shooting-parties were unknown, and he would go out with a friend at ten in the morning and return at about 2.30. He replied



A WASH IN THE STREAM BEFORE LUNCHEON: SIR THOMAS PILKINGTON AND VISCOUNT GALWAY.

Sir Thomas Edward Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington is the twelfth Baronet of a creation (N.S.) dating from 1635. In 1895, he married Lady Kathleen Cuffe, daughter of the fourth Earl of Desart. Lord Galway, the seventh Viscount, sits in the House of Lords as Baron Monckton. He is an A.D.C. to the King. In 1879 he married Miss Vere Gosling, of Busbridge Hall, Godalming.

that he would have regarded ten brace as satisfactory, and fifteen would have been something to talk about. Had it not been for the introduction of driving, there would have been no partridge-shooting on a large scale, even to-day. Not only does it account for the extraordinary bulk of the bags in favoured parts of the country, it has helped to give the tenant of a few hundred acres sport of the kind his father never knew. The change is due to the killing of the

old cock birds. When the birds are being driven, these elderly ones can be singled out for special attention.

**The Elderly, Useless Male.** If partridges were farther advanced along the path of civilisation, they would probably do as some primitive nations do and kill their elderly, useless males. We may remember, too, that in the beehive the unproductive queen bee is ringed round by her courtiers, and squeezed courteously to death. But the partridge has not developed sufficiently, and if mankind does not come to the rescue and eliminate superfluous males, you see some surprising results in early spring, when the coveys have broken up and pairing is an accomplished fact. Young Mr. and Mrs. Partridge decide that they have found the ideal site for the home that is to be; old Mr. Partridge appears, in the worst of tempers, to explain that the site is his freehold, and that if his young friend wishes to stay and to retain all the privileges of his new state, he must fight for them. So it happens that at a time when young Mrs. Partridge stands most in need of an easy and untroubled life there are alarms



SHOOTING WITH SIR THOMAS PILKINGTON: THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS.

The sixth Earl of St. Germans was born in 1890, succeeded last year, and is in the 2nd Dragoons.

a small scale, is the growth of the past two or three decades. There are plenty of men still carrying the gun who can recall the time when they passed from the boundaries of their own land on to the land of their neighbours without let or hindrance. If they shot birds on their neighbour's land they sent a brace up to his house as a compliment, and when he took a day's sport he did the same under similar conditions. It was somewhat slower work, the middle-aged and elderly shooting-men tell me. Birds were not as



MEMBERS OF SIR THOMAS PILKINGTON'S PARTY FOR GROUSE-SHOOTING ON SWINDON AND LADY CROSS MOORS: SIR CHARLES WELBY, VISCOUNT GALWAY, LORD LEIGH, GENERAL BEWICK-COPLEY, THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS, MR. J. M. SPENCER-STANHOPE, MR. W. WARDE-ALDAM, AND SIR THOMAS PILKINGTON, Bt.

Photographs by Sport and General.



SHOOTING WITH SIR THOMAS PILKINGTON: LORD LEIGH.

The third Baron Leigh was born in 1855, and succeeded in 1905. He is interested in politics and military affairs.

and excursions. Old Mr. Partridge does not mind—fighting is the only occupation left to him; and, should he be driven out of one place, he will seek another that is tenanted by a young couple. He knows where they are to be found. The same complaint may be made of old blackcock pheasants, and, I think, grouse, but the old cock pheasants are easy to keep down. There are hundreds of modest shootings in England where nothing but the practice of driving avails to keep the supplies of the "little brown bird" up to the mark.—S. L. B.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## Scotland Again.

By going to bed in trains and sleeping until the guard calls one in the morning, we moderns are fast losing all the advantages of travel, all the mental exhilaration which ought to be part of changing our country, our surroundings, our language. You arrive in the far North or the far South, it is true, having rested, washed, and breakfasted; but while the train thundered along in the night, you have missed the hundred-and-one sights and incidents which make a journey amusing. Falling asleep at the London terminus, you wake to find the Highlands all around you, wrapped in their blue-grey glamour, but you have missed the gradual oncoming of the purple moors, the wonderful Border coast, the crossing of the grandiose Forth Bridge, Edinburgh with its escarpments, the swelling of the country into hills and mountains. You are not prepared for the sudden change, so that Scotland wears a specious air of unreality, just as Switzerland does in winter-time, when you step, still sleepy, out of the hot *wagons-lits* into the ice and snow of Interlaken. And, indeed, the change of scene, from Euston to Aviemore, is just as startling as if you were alighting in the Alps. In both cases, you feel much as if you were a parcel which had been expedited by pneumatic post. It is as if an unseen Power had taken a liberty with your person, and cast you, as by some giant hand, high and dry on this alien spot. There is something disquieting in this modern magic carpet. Our ancestors, who travelled precariously by coach or in their own carriages, and took a fortnight to reach the North, had much more sense of adventure.



MODELLED ON THE NEW FRENCH HELMETS? LA BOURGIGNOTTE—A HAT THAT CAPTIVATED DEAUVILLE.

"La Bourignotte" (the Burgundian), a hat made by the Maison Monna Canda, Paris, was one of the millinery triumphs of Deauville this season. Its shape, apart from the plume, recalls the new helmets for the French Army recently designed by M. Edouard Detaille.

Photograph by Manuel.

a fortnight to reach the North, had much more sense of adventure.

## No Scots in Scotland.

It is a well-known fact that every canny Scot leaves his native country as soon as he possibly can, and never returns to it except from Pittsburg, Melbourne, or Singapore, after he has acquired a fortune big enough to compete with the Americans and South Africans who have now finally acquired the country. For what strikes one most of all directly you get north of the Tweed is the amazing absence of a population. Except in the big towns, there do not seem to be any people at all. There are nice, clean grey towns, with wide streets and somewhat austere-looking houses, but the adult inhabitants are far to seek, and the children, poor dears, are so busy getting themselves an education that they have small time to play out-of-doors. And it is the same on the countryside. Here, where I am, in the far North, there are fields of grain, but how the harvest will be gathered in would seem to be an insoluble enigma. To-day I actually beheld two grown-up men cutting a crop of wheat with old-fashioned scythes. It looked charming, but one wondered if the operation would be completed before Michaelmas. The Scot, apparently, thrives best when competing with aliens in a far-away country. But a land without any natives has a curiously unreal air.

## The Myth of the "Moors."

Industriously, too, they keep up the myth about the "Moors." This quaint legend is chiefly handed on by humble scribes in Fleet Street, who would have you imagine that Scotland is covered by

battalions of grouse-shooters, both male and female after their kind, and that the antlered stag is being stalked on every hand. When August looms, do not "Costumes for the Moors" appear, with touching punctuality, in every halfpenny paper, so that we are invited to model our apparel on that of an attenuated young person in fearful and wonderful check garments, bound and strapped with leather, with an eruption of buttons, who carries a gun of unknown make in the wrong position? We all know these things, but when you arrive in this country of legend, you find that deerstalking is a sport for kings and millionaires only, and that, far from wanting to tramp all day after a few problematic grouse, the average man and woman—particularly the latter—are bent on hitting a small ball as far as their skill permits, and then walking over scrub and heather until they find it. Golf, in short, is the great "sport" of Scotland, and the wild life of these uplands is in small danger while the present craze lasts. One hears of young women who are marvellous shots, who wear the most workmanlike clothes, and who are exceedingly knowing about their guns, but they are mostly invisible to all eyes except those of photographers for illustrated papers. I am quite willing to believe that they exist, but after many visits to Scottish country houses I have failed, as yet, to perceive one in the flesh. Perhaps, like other legendary types, this one simply embodies the virtues, the courage and the prowess, of a Race.

## The Perfect Land for Motoring.

What is so practical about Scotland, considering the climate, is the absence of fripperies and furbelows in both male and female attire. No self-respecting person, of course, ever opens an umbrella north of the Tweed, so that, hereabouts, waterproofs partake more of the nature of oilskins than of the satin cloaks you see in Regent Street; golf garments are of the "woolly" genus, and boots are really Boots. Austere, and suitable for sudden deluges, too, are the caps, bonnets, and veils used for motoring, and Scotland is an incomparable land in which to use a car. Not that the roads are of the best; in many cases they leave much to be desired in point of width and also of smoothness. But there is nothing more exhilarating than to rush through these wonderful blue and purple Highlands at forty miles an hour. Here, speed is no drawback, for the effects are big, the landscape changes with the winding road, but keeps its general distinguished effect, and there are no small details to detain you, as so often happens when you dash through quaint villages in England. At the end of the day, you have filled your lungs with the finest air in the world, and have received an indelible impression of a landscape which has a beauty and distinction all its own.



KILTED TO KILL: A COSTUME DE CHASSE.

The jacket is in rough cloth of dull green; the skirt, in Scotch plaid of rust colour and green, has large buttons of green horn. The belt is of plain leather. The collar and revers are in green velvet of a dark shade; the hat also is in green velvet with a wing at the side.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.*

## PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

THE strength of Peruvian issues was a noticeable feature in the Foreign Market last week, and the Preference shares closed considerably higher at 51½. The report for 1911-12 is expected shortly, and the Market looks for an increase in the dividend on this issue from 2 per cent. paid last year to, probably, 2½ per cent. Even so, however, the yield is not very high, but there are several possibilities which must not be lost sight of, apart altogether from the improved earnings. Now that the general position is better the directors will have to consider the question of funding the arrears of dividend, which amount to nearly 70 per cent., or five millions in all. Again, the geographical position of Peru makes it clear that the country stands to benefit largely from the opening of the Panama Canal.

We do not know whether the rumours of purchase for control by an outside group are true, but we are inclined to think that a higher price will be seen during the next year or two.

## IRON COMPANIES.

A great many of these Companies have now issued Reports on last year's working, and, practically without exception, the results shown have been satisfactory. When it is remembered that these have been achieved in the face of the serious Labour troubles, they become all the more remarkable.

The most important factor in their prosperity is, of course, the price of iron, and quotations have been steadily advancing during the last month or two. In Glasgow iron prices advanced 1s. 7d. per ton last week, and the present figures are the highest that have been touched during the last five years. The activity in the ship-building yards is partly responsible for this, although the demand in all departments is excellent, and all the firms have orders booked well into next year.

In view of these facts, quotations have naturally advanced, but some of the shares still look attractive. The accounts of the Wear-dale Steel, Coal and Coke Company are made up to the 30th inst., and will probably show a considerable increase in working profits over the 1911 figures. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that the dividend will be maintained at 6 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary, and there is every prospect of an increase next year, so the issue looks cheap at about 19s.

We consider the £1 shares of Hadfield's Steel Foundry also merit attention for investors at their present price of a little under 3. Dividends at the rate of 17½ per cent. have been paid for some years past, and the financial position is exceptionally strong. The usual interim dividend was declared in August, and here again we have little doubt that the total distribution will be maintained, and in all probability increased before very long.

## ALEXANDRIA WATER WORKS.

We referred to Egyptian securities a fortnight ago and to the excellent outlook for Companies operating in that part of the world, and some details of the above Company may be of interest. Although the shares are less speculative than many, they have an undoubted attraction as an investment, and will probably advance to some extent in sympathy with the rest of the Market.

The Company own a concession in perpetuity from the Government for the supply of water to Alexandria and its suburb, Ramleh. The capital is £600,000 in £5 shares, which stand to-day about £12. For the year ending March last, the profit amounted to £131,238, against £87,637 for 1910-11, and, as the interim dividend this year was 4s. against 2s. 6d. last year, it is reasonable to suppose that the current year's profits will show considerable further expansion. Twelve shillings per share in all was paid last year.

The Municipality of Alexandria take half the profits after 10 per cent. has been paid on the shares, which must make the rate of advance in dividends rather slow, but the financial position is strong, and we consider the shares a sound 4½ investment, with prospects of capital appreciation.

## RUBBER SHARES.

There have been rumours in the air of late of "another Rubber boom," but it is greatly to be hoped that nothing of the kind will occur. The position of the Plantation Rubber industry is so strong, and its prospects are so excellent, that it will be a thousand pities if the undue inflation, which is called a "boom," with its inevitable reaction, should come to spoil the picture. The position now is in some respects similar to the position in 1909, when I endeavoured in this paper to point out that depreciation in Rubber share values had gone too far. This was followed by a steady and justifiable advance in prices which carried shares up to their intrinsic values, and then, unfortunately, came the absurd inflation, and the concomitant flood of new issues, mostly based on absurdly inflated valuations. As I said above, the position now is that prices of shares have undoubtedly been allowed to fall away too far, so that a steady

appreciation is justifiable and probable; but it is to be hoped that a large section of the public has learned its lesson, and will not again be carried away. It should always be remembered that rubber is a tropical product, liable, like others, to pests and other dangers, and also that in the long run the supply can be increased up to a point which will overtake the demand. For these reasons investors should always look for a large per-centage return on their capital. Speaking roughly, and as a guide, I would suggest that they should require a 10 per cent. return on their capital from a producing company, and a similar return when the whole of a company's area is in full bearing, and rubber has fallen to 2s. 6d. per lb. If they will stick to some such standard as this, they are not likely to buy at inflated values—it is also well to bear in mind that the better-known shares, such as Anglo Malay and Linggi, are not, as a rule, the cheapest for the investor to buy. They will always have a speculative value above their strict investment value, because they enjoy the benefit of a free market. There are other shares scattered through the list which it will pay the investor much better to buy and hold. Such shares, for instance, as *Batu Caves*, *Sagga*, or *Langkat Sumatra* can be bought to give a much higher return than the speculative favourites, and will prove much better investments; and many other similar shares could be named. Take the example of *Langkat Sumatra*, and test it by the standard given above. The year's crop will be over 200,000 lb., or more than double the crop of 1911, when 22½ per cent. was paid. For 1912 the dividend will be about 40 per cent., while for 1913, the dividend should be from 50 to 60 per cent., unless rubber falls below 4s. As the shares are quoted at 3 5-8, the immediate return is, therefore, well over 10 per cent. The Company has 2000 acres of rubber-trees, and a capital of £75,000. The ultimate production, when in full bearing, should be at least 600,000 lb. per annum, which would enable the Company to pay 40 per cent. dividends even if the profit per pound fell to 1s. Obviously, the price of a share like this is likely to rise to from £4 to £5 on intrinsic merit. Another sound way to test the value of a share, as distinct from its market price, is the per-acre valuation; but the valuation varies, of course, according to the proportion of the planted area which is in bearing. The following is approximately the current per-acre valuation of the shares mentioned above—

Anglo-Malay	..	..	..	£320	per acre.
Linggi	..	..	..	£330	" "
Batu Caves	..	..	..	£260	" "
Sagga	..	..	..	£160	" "
Langkat Sumatra	..	..	..	£140	" "

So much information is now afforded the public in the daily Press and elsewhere that they should have no difficulty in applying some such tests as those suggested before making a purchase. If they do this there is likely to be a gradual and steady improvement in prices; but there is no ground for a "boom," or for a flood of new issues. Q.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

There are so many different markets in Throgmorton Street these nights that even the elect are liable to make a mistake, as Our Stroller found when he asked the price of Marconis in the Copper division.

The jobber addressed stared at him, but referred him to another little group, where he inquired.

"We're Oils, my dear Sir," was the reply. "Try that quaint-lookin' devil over there. He'll tell you."

The individual indicated happened to overhear this, and when Our Stroller politely proffered his demand, he was surprised at the outburst it provoked.

"And do you mean to tell me," concluded the irate speaker, "that you suppose I come out here to waste my time in giving prices to irresponsible representatives of some gutter newspaper that's only fit to wrap their addled heads in? Do you mean—"

"But I am not a financial journalist," interjected Our Stroller.

"You're not? Well, you've got all the infernal cheek of one, anyway. Still, I beg your pardon for thinking you a journalist, if you're not one. Come and have a drink."

Our Stroller would have liked to refuse, but motives of delicacy, rather than of thirst, made him accept the invitation.

"Marconis are a bit of a back number," said his host. "Not much doing in them just at the moment. Still, they're not at all a bad market; nor are Americans and Canadians."

"You believe in them for the long shot?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. The business appeals to popular imagination, you see, and even now the yield on the money is about 4 per cent., which is something better than nothing."

"I'd rather have Shells as a steady investment," remarked a man sitting on a high stool. "Not so speculative, of course, but a steadier property."

"Then, you see, I fancy Marconis because of their speculative chances. Why shouldn't they go to 8 again?"

"Might do, of course. We're all speculators now. I bought myself Cunards the other day at 37s."

"To sell?"

"Not unless they go up with a big run. I believe there's a lot of money in them."

"You can always get the Bank to take up that class of article for you, and then you don't have the bother of contangoing it and paying differences. I had the Cunard tip, too."

"That's the worst of it: it was all over the House a few days ago."

"My information came from Liverpool, and they ought to know up there what is going on."

"Look at P. and O. Look at Royal Mail. Wicked, isn't it?"

"What's wicked?"

*(Continued on page 326.)*



## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### No Respector of Persons.

Albert seems to be a fine rifle shot, and to be very successful with his stalks. In this he is like his namesake and great-grandfather, who was a very skilful stalker and good rifle shot. Queen Victoria, in her Journal, frequently exults over her husband's skill. The King is a magnificent shot with a gun, and a very good one with a rifle. Prince Albert at present shines most as an angler and rifle

shot. It is only now and again, apparently, that even the King and his sons can have a day's sport unspoiled by rain and wind. Prince Albert seems to be a fine rifle shot, and to be very successful with his stalks. In this he is like his namesake and great-grandfather, who was a very skilful stalker and good rifle shot. Queen Victoria, in her Journal, frequently exults over her husband's skill. The King is a magnificent shot with a gun, and a very good one with a rifle. Prince Albert at present shines most as an angler and rifle shot. The Prince of Wales is doing well with the grouse. On the whole, this year of grace has so far made itself memorable as a spoilsport. Everything went wrong from the beginning—strikes, wrecks, fires, floods, and one of the poorest London seasons on record, redeemed from actual failure only by its last weeks, and by a quantity of enjoyable but unremarkable dances: almost every big function spoiled or marred by bad weather. It seems determined to keep up its reputation as a spoilsport to the end. Thirteen (some think) is a lucky number—we must hope for a good time next year and continue optimistically to get the best we can out of this.

### A Westminster Wedding.

The weddings which take place in our great Abbey are few and far between. The announcement that the Hon. Mary O'Hagan, sister of Lord O'Hagan, would be married on Oct. 1 in Westminster Abbey was rather surprising. Had it been in Henry VII.'s Chapel in the Abbey there would be no reason for surprise. I can remember only a few weddings in the great national fane. The Marchionesses of Lansdowne and Blandford were married there on the same day. That was before my time. The first wedding I remember there was that of the late Sir Edward Malet, who was

hold their province dear, and their convictions strongly (as without exception they do), will cross the Channel for Ulster Day. As there can be no conception at present what sacrifices will be required of them later, it would be well if their convenience in this matter were studied now.

**Postponed Partridge-Shooting.** Everything has been late this year, and the partridge season will be late, too. Many of the poor dears have been drowned, and the floods have played havoc with the pheasants, too. The Scotch season will therefore be prolonged. Sport in the North continues to be excellent on such days as the weather permits of it. The lodges are comfortable, and no one minds the days off: there is always something to while away time. The Duke and Duchess of Portland entertained two or three hundred people to luncheon last week in the school-room at Berriedale for the Sheep-dog Trials, which took place at Langwell for the second year in succession. Usually they are held alternately at Dunrobin and Langwell, but this year the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are away in Canada.

**Wet Feet.** This summer has offered ample opportunity for getting one's feet wet. It is no easy thing this year to keep oneself in dry shoe-leather. If it is necessary, when holiday-making, to purchase boots or shoes, look out for a shop where they sell Lotus—there is one in every town. These shoes are beautifully made of the very best British materials, in British factories equipped in the most up-to-date way. The prices are the same everywhere. There is such a demand for Lotus that the stocks are kept up to the mark, and every style and size is attainable, if not at the shop, by return from the factory. This is a useful hint for those who have been enduring wet feet.

Motorists will find very useful a Motor Map of England and Wales published by Messrs. Perrier, Ltd., of 45, Wigmore Street, W. The maps are very clearly printed in colours on thirteen sectional cards, with an index map, and enclosed in a leather case with a transparent cover, so that they may be consulted out-of-doors without being exposed to rain. The price of the whole map is 6s.



WITH HER WILD HARP SLUNG—BEFORE HER, MISS FREDA HOLLAND, THE WELSH HARP CHAMPION AT THE WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.

Miss Freda Holland, who won the first prize for Welsh harp playing at the Welsh Eisteddfod, was the youngest competitor. She is twelve years old.

Photograph by C.N.

at the time our Ambassador in Berlin, while his wife was the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. Viscount and Viscountess Hampden were married there, Lady Hampden being the Duke of Buccleuch's daughter. The Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe had a Westminster Abbey wedding; so, too, had the late Sir H. M. Stanley, the African explorer. There have, perhaps, in the last quarter of a century been one or two other weddings in the Abbey; if so, they were accounted for by some official connection with it. Some, seeing the name of Westminster mentioned, might, not unnaturally, have thought that the wedding was to take place at the Cathedral, as the bride's mother comes of a well-known Roman Catholic family. It will be remembered that Miss O'Hagan is to marry Major-General Munro.

### The Blue-and-Gold Label.

This is what proves the authenticity of 4711 Eau de Cologne. There was some misapprehension about this, and it got into print that the label was blue-and-white. Almost everyone knows the right one, but, to make assurance doubly sure, see that is what you get for the celebrated 4711—the blue-and-gold label.

**Ulster's Covenant.** North of Ireland people living over here are beginning to agitate about their signatures to the Ulster Covenant. Many of them have stakes, large or small, in the Loyal North, and all desire to record their dislike of any thought of separation, and their determination to resist such a thing. It would be inconvenient for many who have business to do here to cross the Irish Channel to sign. It is hoped, therefore, that the Ulster Association in London will have a religious service first, and a signing afterwards, for their people living here. If not, the Ulster men and women who



A BUDDING PRIMA DONNA? MISS LOTTIE THOMAS, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR WELSH SOPRANOS AT THE WREXHAM EISTEDDFOD.

Miss Lottie Thomas, who is sixteen, sang two songs in Welsh at the Eisteddfod, entitled "Zuys y Plant" and "Tros y Garreg." The adjudicators spoke of her performance as most promising, and appealed to any interested member of the audience to take her in hand, as she had the making of a great singer.

Photograph by C.N.



SAID TO BE THE BIGGEST DACHSHUND IN THE WORLD: THE FIVE-FOOT-EIGHT-AND-A-HALF-INCH MORITZ AND HIS MASTER, FRANÇOIS, THE FRENCH CLOWN.

Moritz measures 5 ft. 8½ in. from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and is a most powerful animal. François is quite unable to hold him in, but, happily, Moritz combines with a giant's strength the temper of an angel, and a little child could lead him.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

*Continued from page 324.*

"That we weren't bulls of the stocks, of course. Makes me feel my thirty-guineas subscription to the House is positively wasted when I miss things of this sort."

Our Stroller said he must really be off.

"Glad to have met you, Sir," was the farewell of the Marconi merchant, now urbanely mellow. "Get your broker to buy you a few Little Chathams. Sit on them, and when you've sold them at a big profit, spare a kindly thought for old——"

Our Stroller had got just out of earshot, somewhat to his regret, because he wanted to know the name of his friend, whom he described to his broker minutely. The broker, however, did not know him.

"Took you for a financial journalist, did he? Ho, ho! What a compliment for you!"

"I'll buy another hat this very evening," said Our Stroller, with aggrieved conviction. "Have you any tips to give me? What about Kaffirs?"

"Can't quite see my way; it looks right to sell Modders., and yet if the market as a whole keeps good, Modders. might go up a pound or two more."

"I have all the public's objection to being a bear of anything. Buying shares I don't mind, but selling what I haven't got tends to keep me awake o' nights."

The broker regarded him much as he would have looked at some rare animal in the Zoo.

"Can't help it, I assure you," laughed Our Stroller. "And I believe that I am not the only one with this particular kind of superstition."

"Well, by the shades of Lady Hampton, Northern Pacific Common, and Warner's Safe Cure, you do rather surprise me," admitted the broker. "Then you only want bull's tips?"

"That's what it comes to."

"Let's see—what shall I tell you?"

"Don't say Cunard. I've heard that."

"Quite a good one, all the same. And Duff Developments, have you heard that, too?"

"Never heard of the Company."

"It's a well-known thing: largely interested in Rubber. Shares stand about 16s., and have good prospects of a rise to a pound if the Rubber Market remains strong."

"How about Rhodesians?"

The broker seemed to shiver a little.

"Of course, I mean as a gamble," said Our Stroller, to encourage him.

"That's all you can call them. Looking at the Market as a gamble, I'd buy Cam and Motor, Chartered, and London and Rhodesia."

"Chartered?"

"Yes, rather, because, after all, the price hasn't risen a great deal, and some of the Rhodesian gold shares have had bigish jumps, which must influence Chartered, more or less."

"Do you know some Russian thing called—I forget the exact title—Kiss—Kissed her, it sounds like, I think?"

"Kyshtim, you mean."

"Ah, that's it. Kyshtim Copper, isn't it?"

"Been very good buying of the shares from Paris for weeks past. I hear in the market that they will go to 5 for a cert."

"You might buy me a couple of hundred, if they can be contangoed. Sell them about 4, and I'll be quite content with the profit. It was a lady who told me about them."

"A lady? Ah, now I see how you came to make that mistake in the title!"

Saturday, Sept. 7th, 1912.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DORMY.—We referred, of course, to the fact that the bulk of the issue is in the hands of the underwriters, who will naturally take any opportunity to get out. We do not care to say that the Debentures are unsafe, but you can get as good a yield with better security and a better market.

TEA-SHOP.—We do not favour any mines in that part of the world, and the one you mention has great transport difficulties. The Market talk of a reconstruction. If you can sell without a loss we think you had better do so.

MONTY.—(1) Perhaps, as you suggest, you had better leave the shares alone, and stick to the raw article. (2) We don't care for your Taxicab Company.

F. W. P. (Ealing).—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. We see no reason to look for any great improvement in the price at present. The dividend increase had been allowed for by the market, but the bonds are all right. Without more information we cannot say whether you have too many eggs in one basket.

DANE.—Hold Straits Berdam till you can get out without a loss, but don't buy any more.

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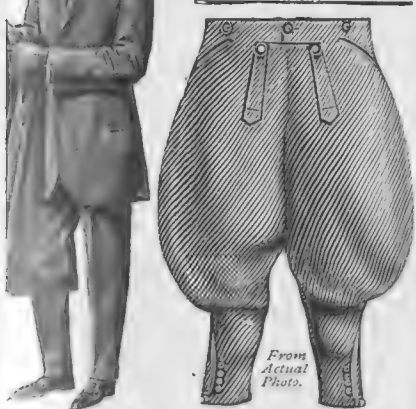
## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon; A Cousin; "A Scrape o' the Pen"; Mlle. Gaby Deslys; "Drake," at His Majesty's; "Little Miss Llewelyn," at the Vaudeville; Kellermanisms.

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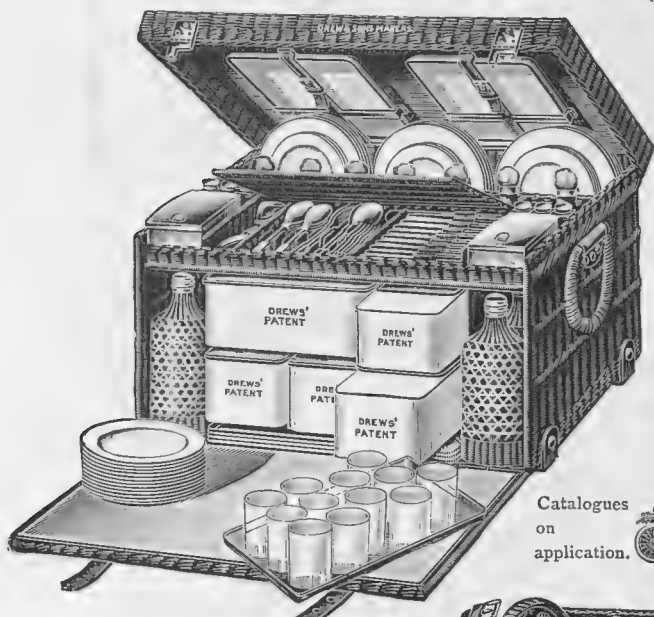


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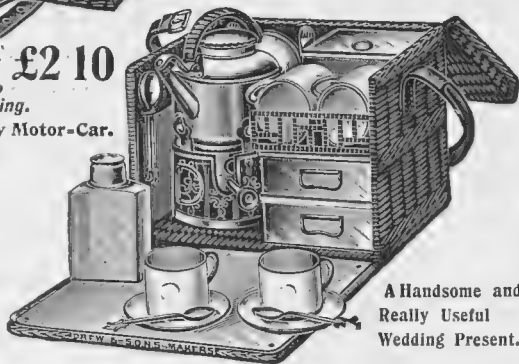
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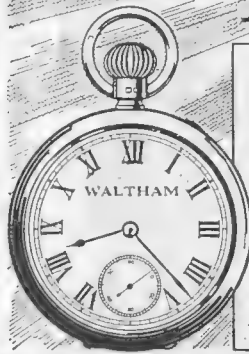
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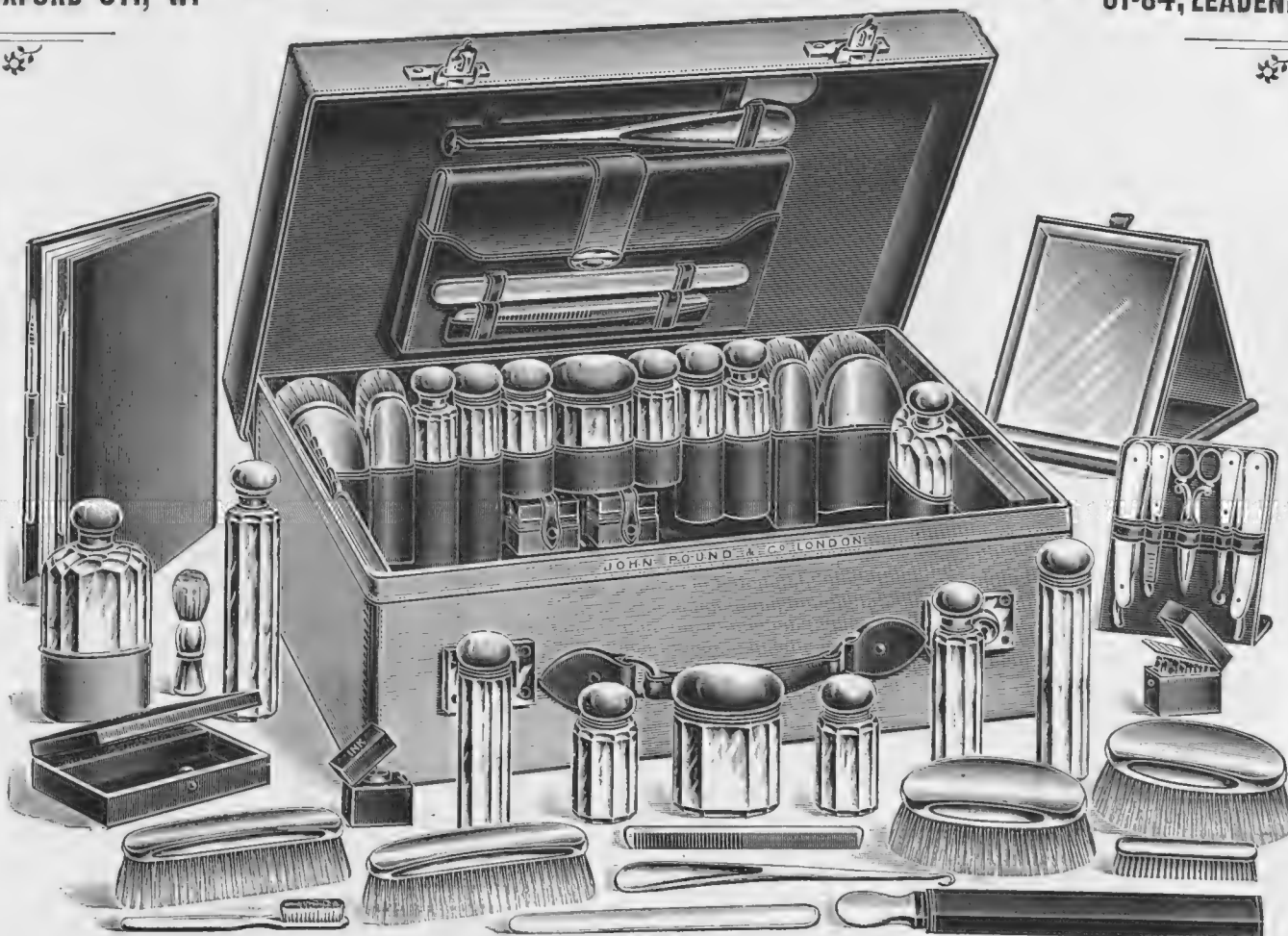
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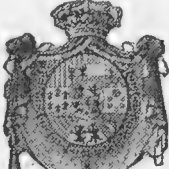
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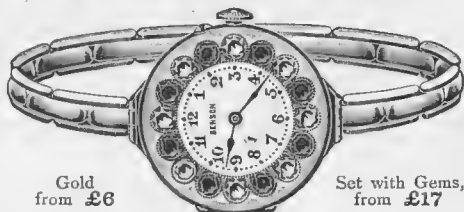
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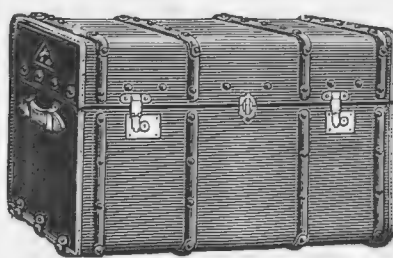
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Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of hand-writing and birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

Asked to explain the method by which he gives his delineations, Mr. Vance replied: "I have simply resurrected an ancient science and moulded it into a key to human nature."

The following letter is published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability.

Prof. Dixon, M.A., Director Lanka Observatory, member of the "Société Astronomique de France," member of the "Astronomische Gesellschaft," Germany, writes the following letter:

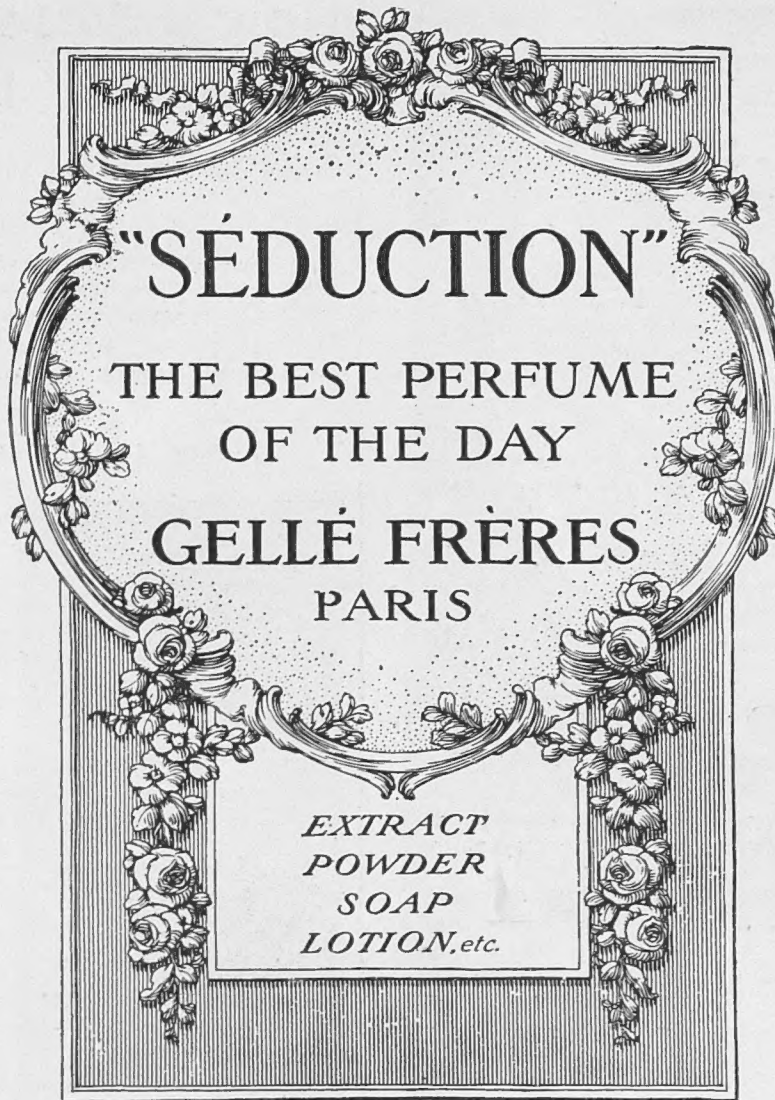
Prof. Clay Burton Vance:

Dear Sir:—I duly received your letter and Complete Life Reading. I am perfectly satisfied with your Reading, it is in nearly all the items as exact as it could possibly be. It seems strange that you should refer to my suffering from throat trouble. I have just had a bad attack, and usually have it two or three times per year. I shall certainly recommend you to my friends who desire a Life Reading.

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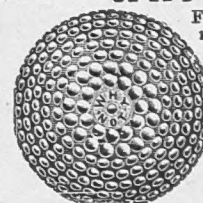
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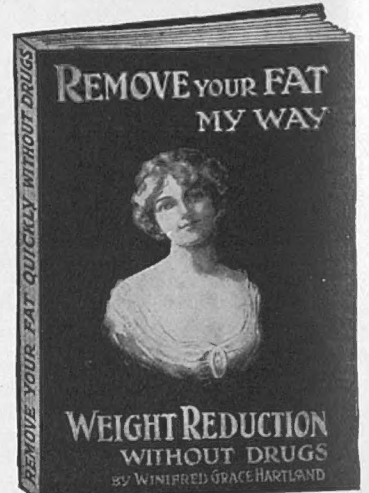
It is no trouble, no bother, yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach, and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken her treatment.

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She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through obesity.

The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All



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she asks is that a 1d. stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to: MISS WINIFRED GRACE HARTLAND (Dept. 81), 62, Oxford Street, London, W.



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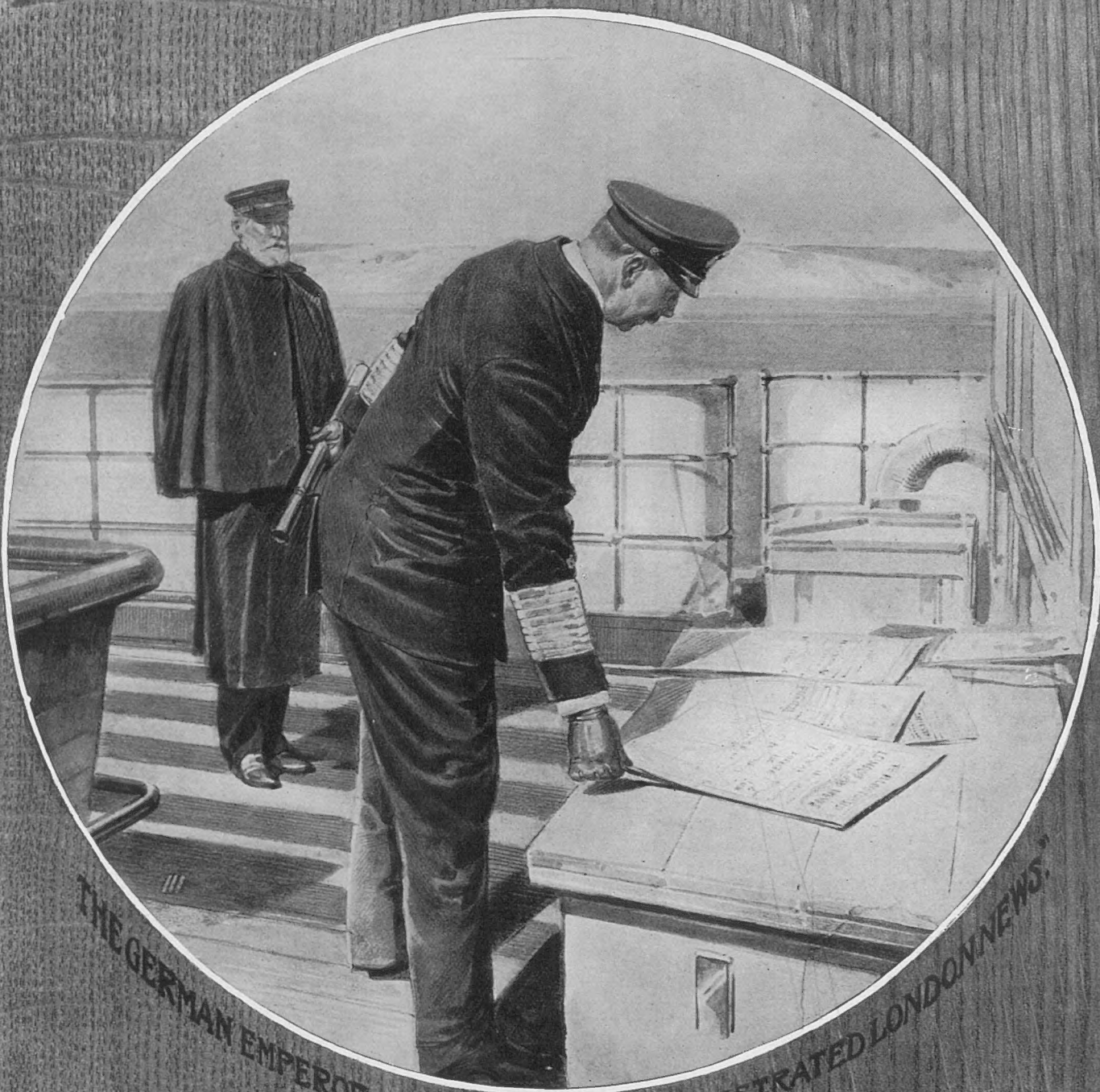


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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Mrs. Ames."**

By E. F. BENSON.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

A small country town and its small society of retired officers, lawyers, doctors, etc.—this is Mr. Benson's canvas for Mrs. Ames. If her portrait appears cruel in some lights from its alarming intuition, there is really nothing to fear, because Mr. Benson's sense of the sacred is ever at hand to balance and supplement his sense of the ludicrous. Should a woman within near call of sixty seek to rejuvenate herself by means of creams and elixirs in order to recapture her husband, and should Mr. Benson come upon her paddling like an elderly nymph at the sea's edge in an *élan* of pleasure induced by a consciousness of restored hair and softened wrinkles, his realism may be merciless in detail, but in sum he recognises her as an eternal figure of Regret wandering far out in the plains of middle age, with eyes wistfully turned back towards the blue mountains of youth. On the whole, the men folk fare less generously at their author's hands. His eye is terribly upon them, exposing their weakness, their laziness, their fatuity, and, above all, the naïve surrender to any attack, feeble or crude, at the door of their vanity, that vulnerable point of every Achilles. They are only saved by a peculiar masculine balance, due to heaviness rather than fine mechanism, and an elementary kindness, without perfume, as it were, the fine flower of chivalry run to seed. Only a very intelligent person would wish to sit to Mr. Benson in his study; or could bear the result. Everyone must enjoy his pictures of others. To see them as Mr. Benson sees them is an education in life, and the final quality of his vision is not cynicism, but sincerity.

**"The Marriage of Kettle."**

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE.

(Heinemann.)

The fine, dry bravado of Captain Kettle is a new inspiration that everyone with a drop of blood in his veins must respond to warmly. A preliminary skirmish occupies the first portion of his adventurous story. While sailing as first mate with his foster-father as Old Man, an insane chief engineer contrives to run short of coal in mid-ocean. Kettle then departs in a boat with a picked crew (picked after his own peculiar selection of the worst characters, a sheer delight in what he modestly termed "trouble" guiding his choice), with intent to waylay a steamer in a trade lane, and commandeer coal from her. The undertaking

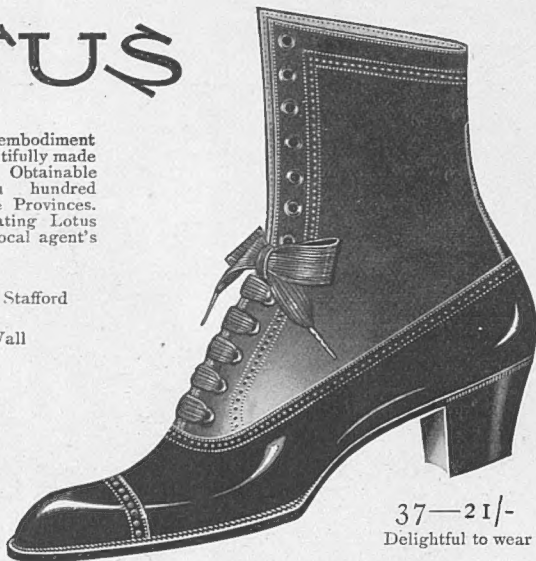
ends in a way highly creditable to Mr. Kettle, and is told in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's best manner. The fuel was extracted from an unwilling German vessel while every soul of her people was under hatches so that they remained unaware of the very name of the steamer that took French leave in the old English style. But a serious consequence of these high-handed measures was experienced by Mr. Kettle on arriving at Liverpool. The Captain whom he had saved so gallantly pointed out that Mr. Kettle's only course was to "slip" it. And until a barmaid found him a job as captain he had hard luck. But when he eventually starts on a sporting salvage expedition off the African coast, the real fun commences. His ship, the *Wongaroo*, was a steamboat with a past. In moments of stress, it was held that she could roll three several ways at the same time. McTodd, a prospective officer, after a long study of her beauties, owned that he had seen her counterpart once before, and on being asked by his captain to name the locality, said it was on a cheap photographer's back cloth in Manchester. "But I never knew that was a picture of a real ship before I saw this old girl," said McTodd. "I thought it was a land artist's imagination." The crew may be said to have matched their vessel. But Captain Kettle had a genius for making men out of derelicts. His method was to drive them to the verge of mutiny with work and discipline, yet never incur the mutiny. His contemptuous courage and his dandyism are a lovable spectacle. One likes to remember his embarking in the ship's boat on a forlorn hope in mid-ocean, dressed in his best uniform, and carrying a razor carefully wrapped in an oiled rag. As to his marriage, well, a nation's idolised heroes may not escape the common fate, and, if married he had to be, "Miss Dubbs" enlivens the tale so genially that she would ingratiate herself with a misogynist.

Ladies will be interested to learn that a suite of new corset *salons-de-luxe* will be opened at Harrod's on the 17th, the great success of their well-known "Sans Égal" corset having rendered necessary this new development of their business. The salon will be staffed by expert French and English corsetières, and will contain a fine selection of models. The importance of having a first-rate corset, both for the sake of health and appearance, has long been recognised, and Messrs. Harrod have made a special study of the subject.

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